

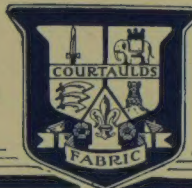


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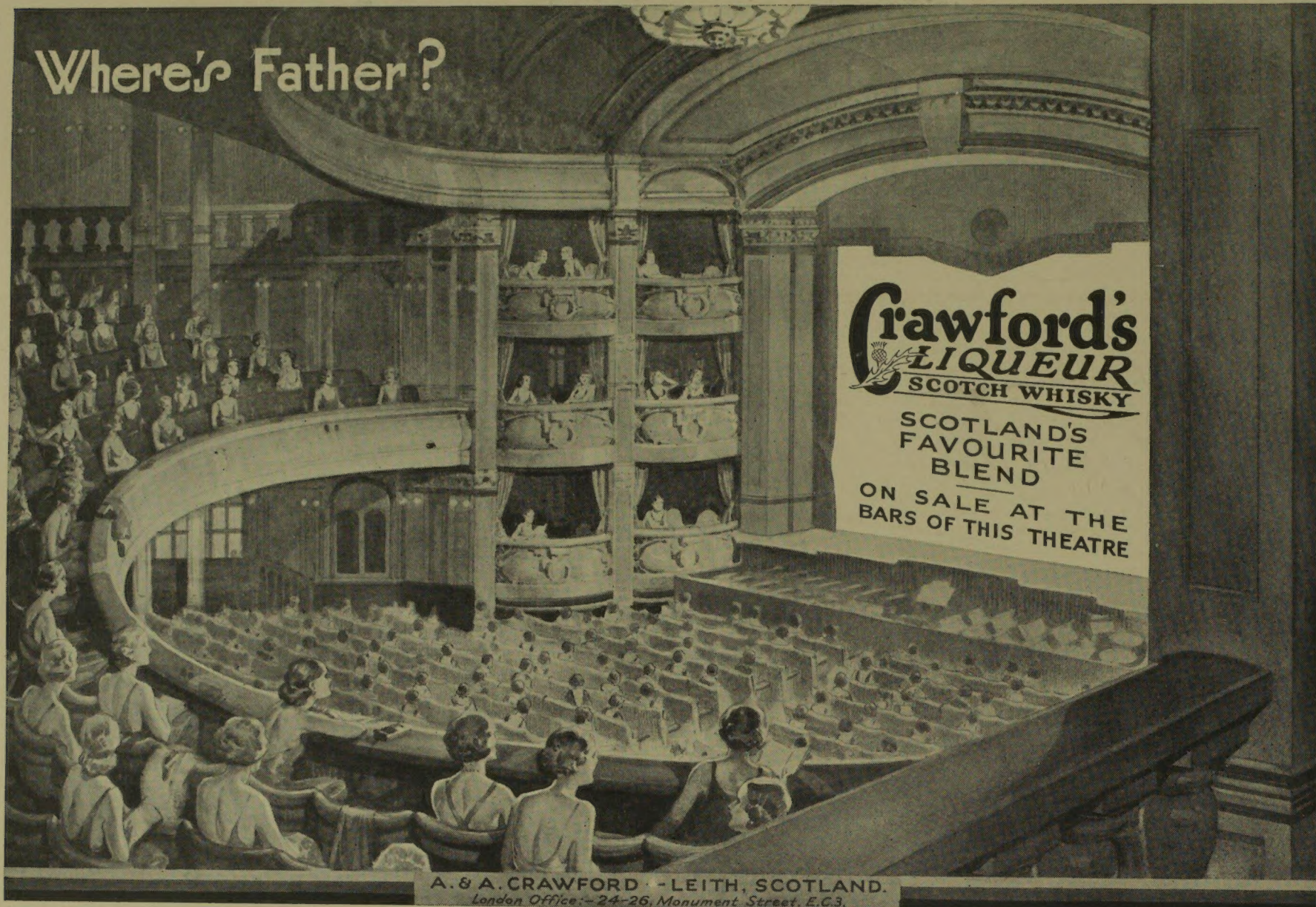
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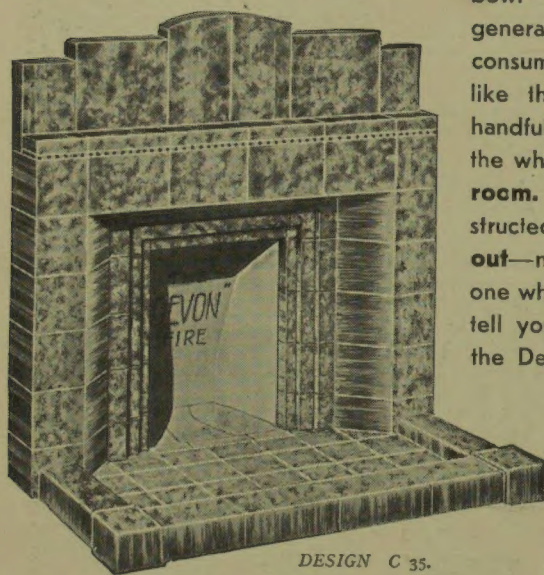
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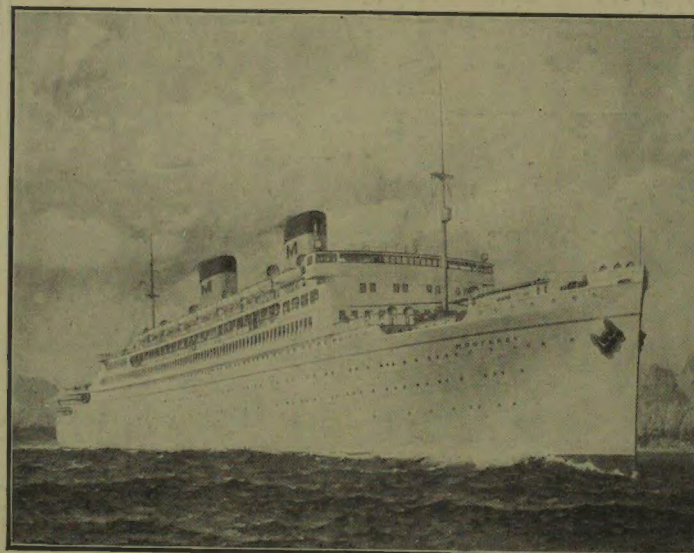
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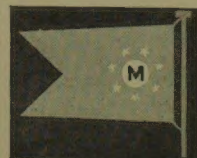
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AUSTRALIA
28 DAYS**

MATSON LINE



THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1933.



GERMANY HONOURS THE VICTOR OF TANNENBERG, AND HITLER REPEATS HIS REPUDIATION OF WAR GUILT.
CELEBRATIONS AT THE TANNENBERG MONUMENT: (LEFT TO RIGHT IN THE FRONT ROW) HERR HITLER, PRESIDENT VON HINDENBURG, CAPTAIN GÖRING, AND (BEYOND THE GAP) HERR VON PAPEN, GENERAL VON BLOMBERG, AND ADMIRAL RAEDER—ALL LISTENING TO HERR KOCH'S SPEECH.

A presentation of further estates in East Prussia was made to President von Hindenburg on August 27, at a great gathering beside the Tannenberg Monument, commemorating his victory of August 1914. At its dedication, in 1927, he had repudiated German responsibility for the war, and this repudiation was now repeated by Herr Hitler, who said: "Posterity will not understand that a nation, after the loss of a war which it never wanted, should have been unworthily

oppressed because it did not defencelessly surrender its freedom." Later in the day, Herr Hitler flew to Rüdeseim to attend a demonstration for the return of the Saar territory. Here he said: "We have declared a hundred times that we want no war with the rest of the world. . . . We desire an understanding with France in all things; but never will Germany renounce the Saar or the Saar Germany." Herr Koch, seen above speaking, is Governor of East Prussia.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

IT is not in a spirit of grumbling or reaction, but really in a spirit of curiosity, and of a doubt sometimes brightened by hope, that I often ask myself this question: whether the moderns will ever manage to be anything except moderns? I do not think that even the most intelligent of the moderns, naturally intent on their own modern questions, have ever quite understood this question. What will their modern work look like when it is no longer part of the modern world; when it is no longer supported by the modern mood? Will it prove itself to possess other qualities, which will strengthen it to stand in another world against another mood? In short, are the moderns courageous enough to become ancients?

It is only fair to them to say that the fashionable way of rebuking them is often unfair. The comparison cannot be made by hackneyed contrasts with Homer or Milton, or the great but remote classical work, which is quite as much out of the reach of one party as the other. The new-fangled poets cannot simply go and write the Iliad. But neither can the old-fashioned critics simply go and write the Iliad. It is so difficult to write a thing all over again, with perfect freshness and originality, when it is written already. The real test about the truth, which I am trying to suggest, is not to be found in the strongest poets of the most ancient schools; it can be found much more truly in the weaker poets of much more recent schools. And the difference is this; that nearly all the other literary men, of later literary fashions, have left some work which might have been written at almost any period, and would have had some dignity, and made some sense, in the style of any period. It was not only in that particular modern style, which has so far never been appreciated in any other period except the modern period. Take, for instance, a fair parallel with the Victorians. Nobody in his senses supposes that Tennyson stands with Homer, or that Browning stands with Milton. But they have both written things that have a sense and style that would have been intelligible to Milton, and even to Homer. The great Greek writers, if they could read English, would know that "This is Ancona; yonder is the sea" is a good, calm, classical line. Yet it was written by the rugged, obscure, and grotesque Mr. Robert Browning. The author of "Lycidas" would agree, however coldly and condescendingly, that "tears from the depth of some divine despair," or "hear horns of elfland faintly blowing," were two quite respectable lines of English verse. Yet they were written by Mr. Alfred Tennyson, supposed by some to have written nothing but "The May Queen," which contains the celebrated line, "And that good man the clergyman has told me words of peace." In short, it is not a question of whether we specially dislike the weakness of the Victorians, or regard their strength as specially strong; it is that any number of men in any number of periods might have thought it strong, without being themselves Victorians. In

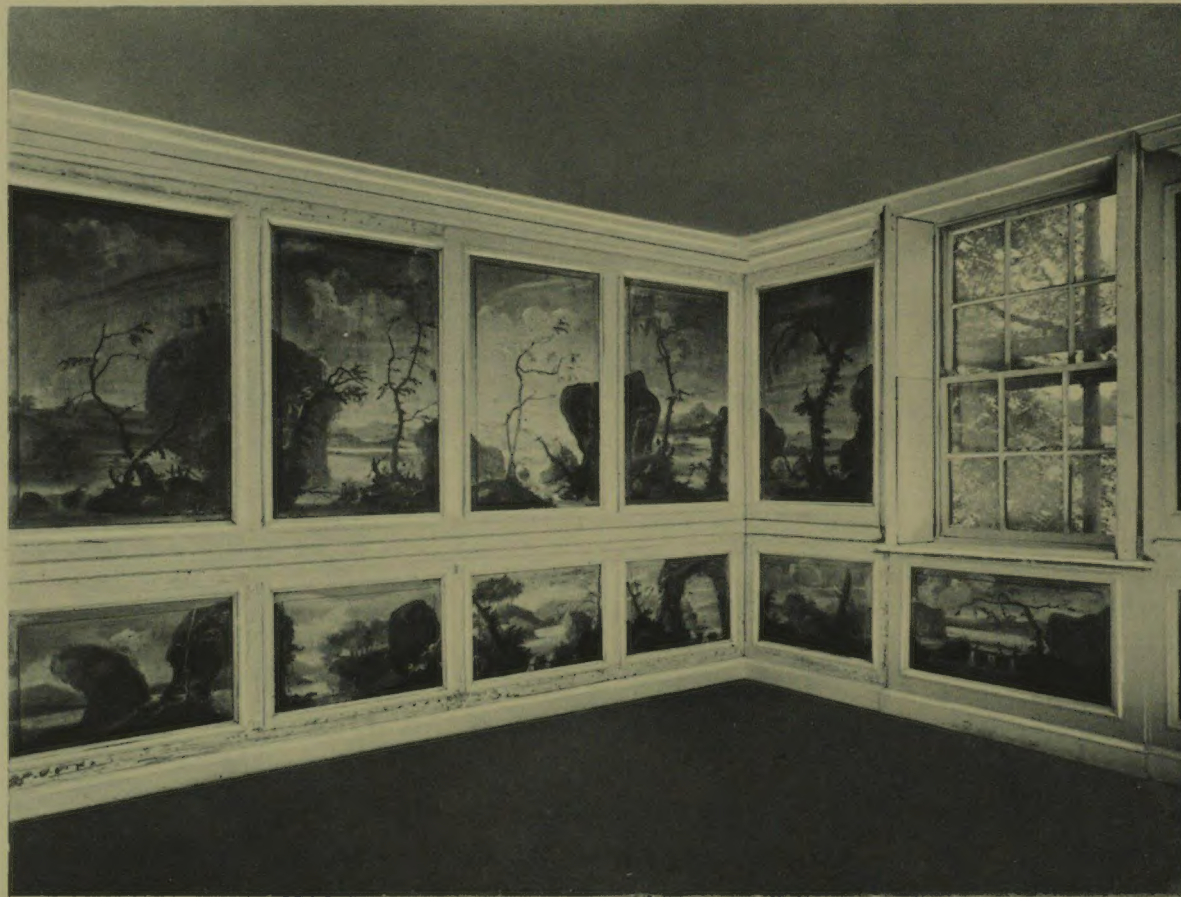
short, there was some continuity of culture, and the mood was not only the mood of a moment.

But, in my almost frenzied desire to be fair, I will not take the case of Mr. Tennyson; I will not even take the case of Mr. Browning; I will wildly and recklessly take the case of Mrs. Browning. She was in many ways really only the expression of her moment; which was then, of course, the modern moment. She did owe much of her fame to expressing the fashionable emotions or popular political ideals of her time. But any critic who supposes that her works can be thrown on to the rubbish-heap, like a lot of old albums full of sentimental mottoes and schoolgirl poetry, like the books called Keepsakes or Books of Beauty, thereby proves nothing except that he has never read her poetry. It is astonishingly patchy and uneven poetry, and contains more than its fair Victorian share of blatantly bad poetry. But it contains other things as well. It has any amount of ideas, images, rhetorical turns in the Hugoesque manner, things that might

unfortunate damp and sloppy Euripides, with his habit of dropping tears about, to be tested by a thermometer. A much stronger example of this unequal quality is in two poems which she herself, with strangely insufficient critical sense, actually set side by side to be compared. The first is called "Crowned and Wedded" and celebrates the marriage of Queen Victoria; the second is called "Crowned and Buried" and celebrates the second burial of Napoleon. The first is an almost unspeakable mass of mush and slush; the second is a very fine poem. It is a rhetorical poem, rather in the style of Byron or Victor Hugo than of Coleridge or Keats, but neither Byron nor Victor Hugo would have been ashamed of it. Either of them would have been glad to write about Napoleon such phrases as "He magnified the image of the freedom he denied"; or "He ruled them like a tyrant—true, but none were ruled like slaves"; or that luminous line about the world after his fall, "And kings crept out again to feel the sun." By the way, now that Dictators and Dukes are again in fashion, will nobody remember Elizabeth Barrett, who defended the Dictatorships of the Two Napoleons, against all the Liberals as well as against all the Tories?

But I take the name of this romantic lady almost at random, as a type that was fashionable in the romantic age; that is, in a time very different from the modern age. And I say that, at the worst and weakest, she is not unreadable, she is not unintelligible, she is not utterly undignified, from the intellectual point of view of any age. There remains a certain amount of her stuff that has some style, some sense, and some significance. Now, from a modern standpoint the modern eccentric has doubtless any amount of style and sense and significance. But would everybody in every period have thought so? Would Milton have admired the style, or Dr. Johnson have perceived the sense, or Matthew Arnold have appreciated the significance? And will the modern fashion go on being appreciated, when it is as much out of

fashion as Mrs. Browning is now out of fashion? Those jerky vulgarities in imitation of journalism; those monotonous metres in imitation of jazz; those uglinesses that appear naked only because they are ugly, like Phryne because she was beautiful. I am not now disputing about whether these things express some reality of the day that the men of that day desire to express, and think it right to express. I am only wondering; wondering whether any other day will find in them any other quality except that daily quality; whether they will even leave behind anything with as much life as the weakest work of the Victorians. It is not very difficult for the historian to ascertain that Queen Victoria is dead, just as Queen Anne is dead. But when we have repeated for the thousandth time that Queen Anne is dead, it is perhaps worth while to remember that Jonathan Swift and John Gay and Joseph Addison and Alexander Pope are by no means dead; and that you do not prove it even about Victorians merely by mentioning the date of Victoria.



A SURPRISING DISCOVERY IN THE MANOR FARM AT HUGHENDEN, NEAR THE FORMER HOME OF DISRAELI: A ROOM PAINTED WITH SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY PANELS OF LANDSCAPE, SHOWING CHINESE INFLUENCE.

During the reconstruction of the old Manor Farm on the Hughenden estate (formerly owned by Lord Beaconsfield, who lived at Hughenden Manor), an upper room was found to contain, beneath the wall-paper and a layer of canvas, a series of panel paintings said to date from the seventeenth century. These landscapes, some of them continuous, embody hunting scenes, and are painted in the Chinese manner then in vogue. The discovery is of great antiquarian interest, for no other such panels are believed to exist in this country. They support the theory that the old Caroline farmhouse was the original Manor. Photographs showing typical panels appear opposite.

make good conversation, or good speeches, or good epigrams, even when they do not make good verses. As usual in such cases, she is remembered almost entirely by her bad verses. In her long poem about the Greek poets, addressed to her old tutor in Greek, she does once at least break down as badly as this:

Our Euripides, the human—
With his droppings of warm tears;
And his touches of things common,
Till they rose to touch the spheres!

But, though I quote from memory, and am not going to be bothered to look it up, I think almost the next verse stands up pretty sturdily, as do many others:

Oh, our Æschylus, the thunderous!
How he drove the bolted breath
Through the cloud, to wedge it ponderous
In the gnarled oak beneath.

That is not great; but it is not particularly weak. Many a good poet would have written it and let it stand. But nobody remembers anything but her

FOUND UNDER WALLPAPER: 17TH-CENTURY PANELS—SPORT AND *CHINOISERIE*.

PHOTOGRAPHS SPECIALLY TAKEN FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY KIND PERMISSION OF MAJOR CONINGSBY DISRAELI. (SEE ILLUSTRATION OPPOSITE.)



PART OF THE PANELLED ROOM AT HUGHENDEN MANOR FARM, SHOWING HOW THE PICTORIAL DECORATION IS CONTINUED ON DOORS: A GROUP OF LANDSCAPES INCLUDING (CENTRE) A FOX-HUNTING SCENE.

WE illustrate here typical examples of the seventeenth-century landscape panels recently found, under wallpaper and a layer of canvas beneath it, in a room of the Manor Farm at Hughenden, Bucks. Major Coningsby Disraeli, the present owner, and nephew of the famous statesman, says of this remarkable discovery: "The paintings extend in two series from floor to ceiling, and are charmingly executed in tones of black, white, and sepia. The pictures represent hunting and fishing scenes by mountain and river. In one a gallant in 'square-cut' and three-cornered hat is represented as 'treed' by a wild boar; in another he is shooting wild duck; and in a third he is finishing-off a wounded stag. A feature of special interest is that the landscape in one series is continuous from panel to panel, recalling and ante-dating the 'scenic' wall-papers favoured by the eighteenth-century. No other panels in this style are known to exist in Great Britain." Mr. Fred Skull, Hon. Curator of the High Wycombe Museum, says: "The figures are in late Jacobean costume. Over the whole is a distinct feeling of *Chinoiserie*."



AN ANGLING SCENE, WITH TWO FISHERMEN IN THE CENTRE FOREGROUND: ONE OF THE SERIES OF SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY PANELS DISCOVERED IN A ROOM OF THE MANOR FARM AT HUGHENDEN.



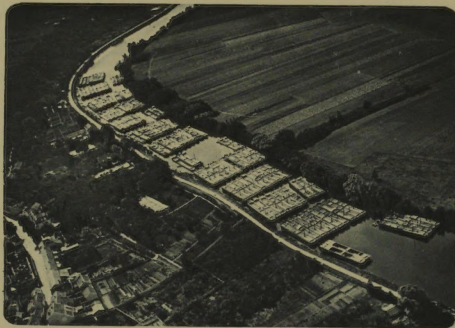
A SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY PICTURE OF DUCK-SHOOTING: AN INTERESTING RECORD OF OLD-TIME SPORT INCLUDED AMONG THE NEWLY-DISCOVERED AND UNIQUE SET OF LANDSCAPE PANELS, OF WHICH ONE SERIES IS CONTINUOUS.



A TYPICAL EXAMPLE OF THE *CHINOISERIE* PERCEPTIBLE IN ALL THE HUGHENDEN PANELS: A LANDSCAPE WITH A SPORTSMAN (LEFT FOREGROUND) SHOOTING A HARE (CENTRE), BIRDS RISING, AND A STAG.

EVENTS AND OCCASIONS OF THE WEEK:
THE CONTINENT,

TEAR-GAS PISTOLS IN SPAIN: A NEW WEAPON FOR THE SPANISH POLICE DESIGNED TO DISPERSE UNSUBDUED CROWDS WITHOUT INFLECTING PERMANENT HARM. Experiments have been held at the Casa de Campo, formerly the Royal Estate, at Madrid, with a new gas-pistol for the use of the Spanish police. The prevalence of disorders in Spain at various times during the last two or three years has led to the need of a police weapon that can disperse public demonstrations without the use of bullets. Tear-gas has already been used successfully for similar purposes in the United States.



FRENCH BARGEMEN STRIKE WITH A BARRAGE OF BARGES: AN AIR VIEW OF THE BLOCKED OISE AT ERAGNY.

On the night of August 23 French bargemen, in pursuance of their strike for better conditions, succeeded in constructing a barrage of barges across the Oise at Eragny, near Pontivy, completely blocking the river with nineteen rows stretching from bank to bank. The strike ended on August 26, when M. Paganon, Minister of Public Works, offered terms acceptable to the bargemen. The strikers gained most of the objects for which they were standing out.



A LINK WITH CORNWALL'S CELTIC PAST: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE SIXTH CORNWALL

A solemn ceremony was held near St. Austell on August 26, a ceremony which symbolises Cornwall's link with the Celtic past. At this, the sixth Cornwell Gorsedd, fifteen new bards were initiated, so that now there are eighty-seven Cornish bards in all. In addition to several who hold the degree as an honorary title. As is usual, the place chosen for the Gorsedd was one remote from human habitation.

ITEMS OF INTEREST FROM THIS COUNTRY,
AND AMERICA.

THE "BLUE RIBBON OF THE ELBE": AN EVENLY CONTESTED RACE FOR THE BOATS OF THE PORT

NEAR HAMBURG. The race of the port boats near Hamburg gives rise to a most animated scene on the River Elbe. An astonishing number of craft compete, and would appear to be most evenly matched. In the stern of the launch from which this picture was taken is a man making a film record of the race; while further forward (not seen in the photograph) there plays a band of trumpets and horns in the traditional German manner.



BEFORE THE PAPAL BENEDICTION AT CASTELGANDOLFO: PEASANTS AWAITING THE FIRST

BLESSING OF ITS KIND SINCE 1870. The Pope drove out to his summer residence, the old palace of Castelfandolfo, a few miles from Rome, on August 24. While he was there he gave his blessing to the crowds assembled below. The last time that a Pope had given his blessing from that place was in 1870, when Pope Pius IX. gave the Benediction a few weeks before he lost all temporal power. At Castelfandolfo the Pope inspected the entire



GORSIEDD, WHERE FIFTEEN NEW BARDS WERE INITIATED, HELD AT ROCHE ROCK, NEAR ST. AUSTELL. The Gorsedd, which was picturesque and impressive in the extreme. In Wales, it should be added, the Gorsedd, or assembly is an essential part of the modern Eisteddfod, and dates back to many centuries before the Christian era. It is at least as old as the time of Prydain, the son of Aedd the Great.



THE MONUMENT TO THOSE WHO PERISHED IN THE "R101" NEARING COMPLETION: AT WORK ON THE STONE OBELISK, AT ALLONNE.

The monument erected at Allonne, near Beaulieu, the scene of the "R101" disaster, is to be officially opened soon. The inscription reads: "A la mémoire des victimes de la catastrophe du dirigeable R101 5 Octobre 1930. Ce monument a été élevé à frais communs par la Grande Bretagne et la France." The gratitude of this country is due to the sympathy shown by France in this British disaster.

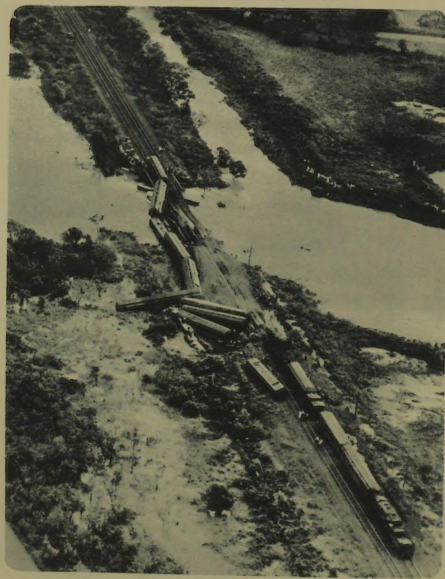


THE POPE'S BLESSING AT CASTELGANDOLFO: HIS HOLINESS AT A BALCONY WINDOW. [Continued.] DURING THE SECOND VISIT THIS YEAR TO HIS SUMMER PALACE. Interior, as well as the older palace, and examined cartoons of frescoes for his private chapel which are being painted for him. He accepted a white marble bust of himself, the gift of workmen employed by him. It is believed that his Holiness will make a third visit this year to Castelfandolfo, but not for a long stay. He may return again in 1934, when the Holy Year is over.



A BOMB TO SYMBOLISE AIR ATTACK SET UP IN BERLIN: THE MONUMENT

AFTER ITS UNVEILING. The preoccupation of the German authorities with the threat of air attack and their desire to imbue citizens with a sense of its danger is illustrated by this strange monument unveiled in the Haupt-Wach-Platz on August 22. The monument consists of a giant aeroplane-bomb, over four yards high. It will form a permanent reminder of Germany's lack of an air force and hint of Nazi dissimulation with the Treaty of Versailles.



A HURRICANE WRECKS A TRAIN: THE NEW YORK—NEW ORLEANS EXPRESS AFTER IT

HAD PLUNGED FROM A BROKEN BRIDGE. The worst accident of the storm that swept the eastern United States on August 23 and 24 was the wreck of the "Consolidated Limited," the New York to New Orleans express. Two railwaymen were killed and twenty-five passengers injured when the train left a bridge near Washington and plunged into the bed of the Anacostia River. Torrential rains had parted the rails on the bridge.

HAPPENINGS OF THE MOMENT: A PICTORIAL SURVEY.



BEETLE



GRUB



THE COLORADO BEETLE, A DANGEROUS FOREIGN POTATO PEST WHICH HAS VISITED THIS COUNTRY: PART OF A PICTURE PUBLISHED IN COLOURS BY THE MINISTRY OF AGRICULTURE, SHOWING EGGS, GRUB, BEETLE, AND DAMAGE TO PLANTS.



PROMPT ACTION AGAINST THE COLORADO BEETLE IN THE TILBURY AREA: SPRAYING POTATO CROPS WITH AN ARSENICAL COMPOUND—AN EXPENSIVE PRECAUTION, WHICH, IT IS HOPED, WILL PREVENT THE PEST FROM SPREADING.

It was announced on August 23 that the Colorado Beetle, the most destructive potato pest known, had been discovered on an allotment at Tilbury. Drastic steps were immediately taken by the Ministry of Agriculture to prevent the extension of the pest, since, if allowed to spread over a large area, it is difficult, if not impossible, to eradicate. The beetle resembles a large ladybird with yellow wings. Wherever it has become established, as in America and France, expensive spraying has to be undertaken regularly—a process which would add about £1 per acre to the cost of growing the crop. Once before, in 1901, the Colorado Beetle settled in England at Tilbury, and several months elapsed before it was finally destroyed.



FIREMEN, WATCHED BY A CROWD OF SMALL BOYS, FIGHTING A BLAZE ON HAM COMMON: A CONSEQUENCE OF THE PROLONGED WARM, DRY WEATHER.

The recent resumption of warm and rainless weather after a brief unsettled period favoured the outbreak of fires in various parts of the country. A carelessly thrown match or cigarette-end on a dry heath may, in such conditions, give rise to very considerable damage. This photograph shows a typical example. A fire spread over four acres of Ham Common, and precautions had to be taken for the safety of buildings in the neighbourhood.



CELL NO. 7, IN WHICH HITLER WAS IMPRISONED AND WHERE HE WROTE "MEIN KAMPF," TO BE SHOWN TO THE PUBLIC: THE BED ON WHICH HE SLEPT.



THE CELL OF HITLER'S IMPRISONMENT DECORATED FOR PUBLIC EXHIBITION: A ROOM IN THE PRISON OF LANDSBERG, BAVARIA.

The cell in the prison of Landsberg, Bavaria, where Adolf Hitler spent six months' imprisonment, after being sentenced for high treason in 1924, is soon to be exhibited, with suitable decoration, to the German public. It was here that Hitler wrote his book, "Mein Kampf," which has now, on his orders, been made the "Bible" of the Nazis, among whom it is to take a place analogous to Marx's "Das Kapital."

THE LAND ATTACK ON EVEREST: "A STORY OF SPLENDID ENDEAVOUR."

PHOTOGRAPH BY COURTESY OF THE "DAILY TELEGRAPH."



CLIMBING EVEREST: THE HAZARDOUS ASCENT OF THE NORTH COL, WHERE STEPS WERE CUT IN THE ICE.

New and interesting particulars of the 1933 Everest climbing expedition were recently given by its leader, Mr. Hugh Ruttledge, who arrived in London on August 26, and stated that he hoped to lead another expedition in 1935. With him came Mr. F. S. Smythe, who made the last attempt on the summit this year—a gallant solo effort after his companion (Shipton) had become ill. Mr. Ruttledge emphasised the fact that his men were strictly forbidden to take undue risks. "There was to be no false heroism," he said, "about staggering on until a man fell exhausted.

Immediately a man felt himself giving out he had *got* to chuck it and turn back." Mr. Smythe added: "If I had tried to go on, I should have been caught in the sudden furious storm that rose just after I had got back to the shelter of Camp VI., and nothing in the world could have saved me." In a summary of the expedition's work, its secretary, Mr. J. M. Scott, writes: "Those who have followed their despatches, and particularly those who possess the knowledge or imagination to read between the lines, must have recognised a story of splendid endeavour."

THE ADMIRING SCRIVENER ON THE DEAN OF VENTURERS.

BEING AN APPRECIATION OF
"ROLLING STONE": By LOWELL THOMAS.*

(PUBLISHED BY LONG.)

THE general know Major Arthur Radclyffe Dugmore best as an intrepid photographer and painter of wild animal life. He is, and has been, much more than that. Lowell Thomas, "admirer scrivener," telling the Major's story in his own words, as the Major told it to him, dubs him the dean of living travellers—at which he must have already ejaculated "Oh, I say. . . ."

Those tempted to mimic him will not echo his expostulatory tone. If ever a man has adventured from small-boyhood to a renewed boyhood at something over sixty, that man is he.

His father, a gallant, militant meanderer wavering from project to project and bounding from all-absorbing hobby to all-absorbing hobby, flamboyantly enthusiastic, superbly futile, cannot be said to have determined his career, but he had a deal to do with its creation. Had it not been for his temporarily harassed parent's decision to cut expenses by making a sea-going yacht the family home, he would not have had his first experience of globe-trotting, his first hard lessons in navigation, his first taste of command, his first self-dependence, before he was eighteen.

He was mature enough to be offered a post as under-secretary to the Governor of British Honduras in 1889; but the Colonel in his father still ordered him. "Enough," was the judgment. "You are barely eighteen. Until you are of age you will obey me. I say, no." So a potential diplomat was diverted from a temptation to settle down and "remain among the ranks of English gentlemen" at a period during which that was deemed possible only by being in the Navy, the Army or the Church, or by being a statesman or a landed proprietor!

The immediate move was to Florida, when the bubble of real estate gleamed like the rainbow of the crock of gold before it burst. Dugmore senior had discovered that he could win a fortune by orange-growing. He had swallowed a highly coloured pamphlet whole and had agreed to supervise the orchards on land an English Admiral had bought, complete with an agent's "facts and figures which proved the fabulous profits to be made." The trusting sailor's name was Ingoldsby—and the legends were there! Dugmore junior rode from Tampa to locate the property. "At length," he recalls, "I saw a glimmer of water in the distance. This cheered me; my father had not mentioned a lake. Perhaps it might be on the Ingoldsby estate; there might be some capital fishing. Certainly there was good shooting. As I rode onward, the lake appeared more and more extensive. Presently the whole country was covered with water. Palmetto trees alone marked the road. As far as the eye could reach the water spread, with here and there a tree or a mud-flat. My horse stood

And the steamers, strangely enough, made four hundred miles a day, which is faster than many a proud modern liner."

He threw up the job in order to photograph land birds of the Eastern States for Scott: fifty dollars a month and board and lodging for six months. A bout of fever intervened. Then he showed some prints to Doubleday and McClure, a publishing firm then in its infancy; and secured



WILD ANIMAL PHOTOGRAPHY AS IT WAS YEARS AGO: THE CAMERA OF 1908—"NEARLY AS BIG AS A BRIGHTON BUNGALOW."

Reproductions from "Rolling Stone," by Courtesy of the Publishers.

a commission to photograph wild flowers and colour the prints. That started him on the road he has followed since. He photographed birds and their nests; including the elusive mocking-bird. He snapped the beaver. He used the newly invented reflex-camera to such excellent effect in Newfoundland that he was accused of faking his salmon-fishing pictures. He sought the shy and fretful porcupine—of which a story:

"Cautiously and craftily, I haunted the woods around Northville, and I did find a first-rate specimen of porcupine. I lured him into a sack and carefully carried him to camp, where I thought to pose and photograph him. When I opened the sack, an almost naked and very angry animal came out. Annoyed, he had shed all his quills in the sack, where they remained. Nineteen days later I found another porcupine and this time let him pose himself."

Incidentally, he "scooped" his fellows by taking the only snapshots of Orville Wright's forty-five minutes' flight at Fort Myer in 1908—the first long flight made by man.

After that to Africa, to the Kenya district; the Africa that was far from being an amateur hunter's pleasure-ground; the Africa in which motor-cars and lorries did not lord it over porters. "Nowhere else in the world are so many grotesque animals as in Africa," opines Major Dugmore. "Within two days we had seen, it seemed, every conceivable variation from the normal creatures to which our eyes were accustomed. It was as though Nature had chosen those plains for an experimental laboratory in the fantastic."

There: strenuous, dangerous, back-breaking photography in the open by day; and, at night, equally risky work in camouflaged shelter, in blind, or in boma, the smallest of huts, made of the sturdy, prickly thornbush and covered with grass and leaves—with flashlight fired and camera-shutter released by trip-wires touched by the quarry, or by flashlight operated electrically at the critical split-second. There: the patience of Job with the might of Nimrod and the stealth of the Red Indian tracker; the cunning of the beast who preys and is preyed upon. There: peril in the charge of the rhinoceros, straight at the lens; the whirlwind attack of the lion—like the

other cats, "from any human point of view . . . the most unaccountable of all animals"; the lunge of the scared hippopotamus. There: breath-holding with rifle at hand if life had to be saved by the taking of life. There: by way of contrast, Guasa Nyiro, where there was assurance that game would be found living "like pigs and fowl in a barnyard back home." Major Dugmore affirms: "In Guasa Nyiro wild animal photography became simply a matter of snapping the camera shutters. Rhinoceros, giraffes, gerenuks, zebras, and the spry, fast-running oryx grazed in vast herds, so unacquainted with man's wanton cruelties that they had no fear of us at all."

That was before the Great War. Rejected in 1914, because he was forty-four, he took pictures on the Western Front, many under heavy fire; was arrested as a spy, in turn, by the Germans, the Belgians, and the English; tore the ligaments in a leg; and was so far poisoned by lyddite fumes that a rest at home was imperative.

After that, another call on the War Office. Ideas of the fighting age had changed. The persistent Dugmore was given a commission. More: in some unaccountable way, Authority discovered a square hole for a square peg—emphatically a better 'ole than the round one usually allotted in the case of civilian experts. The big-game tracker was ordered to train scouts—"Teach 'em to stalk Germans." He was in his element. The men were picked—"Some of them had been gamekeepers, more of them had been poachers"—but they had much to learn. That much they were taught perfectly, by a master.

It fell to Major Dugmore, also, to be in that delirium of fifteen days and nights in 1916, the Battle of the Somme. "On the third day," he records, "only one of our regiment's original twenty-five officers remained alive. I was that one." He asked to be relieved from staff duty and went up into the line. A phosgene gas shell, one of the first used by the Germans against the British, struck the ground not two yards from him. Soon, he was in torment; feeling that he was on fire from pit of stomach to lips' edge. Back to Blighty—broken, but unbowed!

There were solitary, dreary, dispiriting hours and weeks and months in a tent in the garden—a green tent, lest Zeppelins and enemy 'planes be attracted. Then the power of the subtle gas weakened, little by little; and some mild desk-work was possible. After that, lecturing in the United States, which had just "come in"; rousing propaganda by a fighter struggling to conquer feebleness and the dreaded, rending cough—and back to the tent. The battle against the Wolf at the Door had to be re-waged.

At long last, Africa once more; mysterious Ngora Ngora, its crater, its volcanic hills, a hidden paradise of game. Result: a moving picture which, to the amazement of professional exhibitors, who could not conceive anyone paying to see a film without sex appeal, was a "moss-gathering" success. Further result: an expedition to the Sudan, and moving "close-ups" of the "Suffragettes," the enormous herd of elephants, chiefly cows, that was more feared than the locusts, for where it went there went destruction.

Now: "Who knows how much more ahead? Perhaps if I live to be a hundred I shall feel old again. But I don't think so; not as long as I can see and marvel at the



WILD ANIMAL PHOTOGRAPHY AS IT IS TO-DAY: SETTING FLASH-LIGHT CAMERAS FOR PHOTOGRAPHING LIONS AT NIGHT.

beauty and the excitement and the inexplicable mysteries of a world so populous with men and beasts."

It is written of "Rolling Stone": "Here is the chronicle of an eventful life, the life of a man whose adventures, even in his youth, would fill several books." That is the truth. One book has had to suffice for the moment. If others are to come—and it is to be hoped that they will—it is impossible to imagine that they will be more stimulating.

E. H. G.



A PHOTOGRAPHIC "SCOOP" BY MAJOR DUGMORE: ORVILLE WRIGHT'S FORTY-FIVE MINUTES' FLIGHT AT FORT MYER IN 1908—THE FIRST LONG FLIGHT MADE BY MAN.

knee-deep in water." He questioned another rider. The El Dorado was beneath him! He reported to his father—and saw that he was old.

Relations grew more and more strained. The younger man, meeting one Field, set up business in a photographic studio, as Field and Radclyffe; and painted a portrait in oils of a worthy Leesburger. The elder was so self-centred and uncontrolled that parting was inevitable.

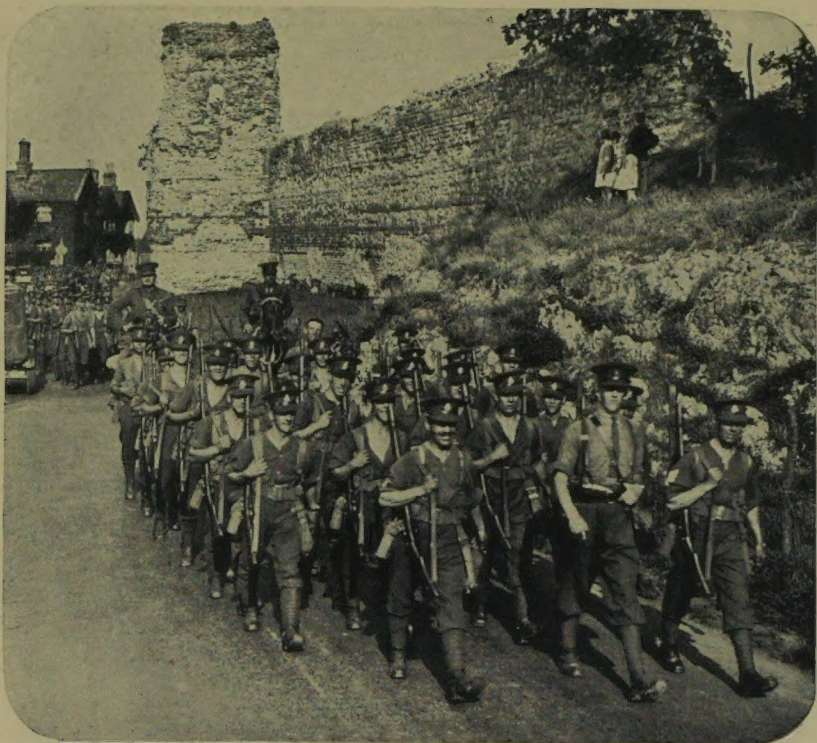
Unchained, Arthur Dugmore went his way. His partnership with Field having been dissolved, he practised photography in a tiny tent at Tarpon Springs. All was well enough when his father wrote to him, commanding him to sell the studio at once and return to him. "He said he needed the money he had lent me. I sold the studio and sent him the money. But I resolved never to go back to him."

Enterprise succeeded enterprise. The youthful Dugmore got a job as a boatman, dining each night with his employers. Then, aided by these good friends, he joined W. E. D. Scott, the ornithologist, for two years, learning much about birds and their ways and collecting specimens until, for some reason unknown, he was out of favour.

In May 1892, he migrated to New York City, with fifty-five cents in his pocket. As a mechanical draughtsman, he earned a wage that rose to 17-31 dollars a week:—"This was affluence. I was now able to live well, to dress well, to make several trips to Europe. The cost of a steamship ticket was from 30 to 42-50 dollars, first-class.

* "Rolling Stone: The Life and Adventures of Arthur Radclyffe Dugmore." By Lowell Thomas. Illustrated. (John Long; 16s. net.

HOME AND FOREIGN OCCASIONS: PICTORIAL NEWS FROM FAR AND NEAR.



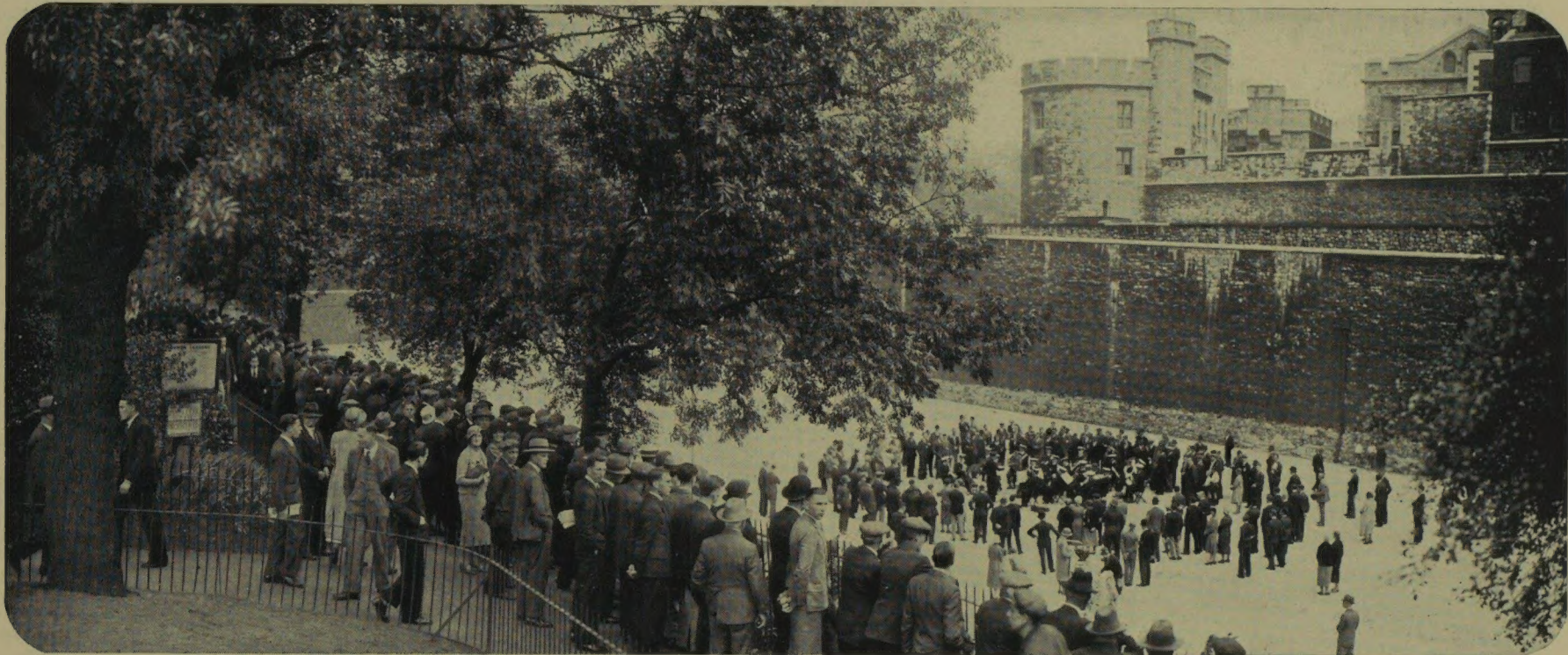
A RECRUITING AND "ECONOMY" MARCH: THE 1ST ROYAL SUSSEX REGIMENT PASSING PEVENSEY CASTLE, EVIDENTLY NONE THE WORSE FOR "FOOTING IT"!

The 1st Battalion of the Royal Sussex Regiment left Dover on August 21 on the first stage of their 100-mile "economy march." They bivouacked at Hythe. The Battalion, which was undertaking a "flag-flying" campaign in the district, mainly for recruiting purposes, made camps at Lydd, Broomham, Pevensey, Seaford, Shoreham, and Arundel. A church parade was held at Brighton. Other units of the same brigade visited Shorncliffe, Heathfield, Cowfold, and Myrtle Grove.



THE EXTENSIVE JAPANESE AIR-DEFENCE MANOEUVRES IN TOKIO: A RESCUE PARTY IN FULL EQUIPMENT CARRYING GAS "CASUALTIES" TO A SAND-BAGGED SHELTER.

As noted in our issue of August 19, when we illustrated exercises taking place in Tokio, extensive air-defence manoeuvres were recently carried out in Japan, in an area covering Tokio, Yokohama, and the Naval and Air Bases. Tokio itself was theoretically under siege. In the scene reproduced here the curiosity of the populace can hardly be said to contribute to the realism of the exercise that is being carried out by a detachment in gas-masks!



A MUCH APPRECIATED INNOVATION IN THE CITY: THE WEEKLY MUSICAL PERFORMANCE IN THE TOWER MOAT; AN ENTERTAINMENT TO WHICH THE PUBLIC ARE NOW ADMITTED, WHILE BEING ALLOWED TO USE THE MOAT AS A PROMENADE.

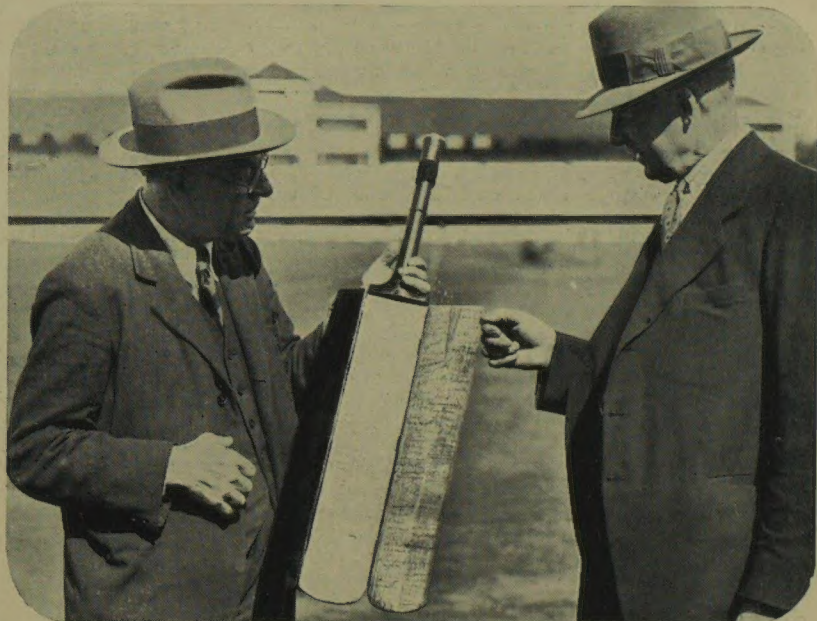
The general public are now permitted, on occasion, to promenade in the moat which surrounds the Tower of London. On August 17, when Lord Wakefield's City of London British Legion

Band first entered the moat to play during the dinner hour, it was allowed to bring with it members of the public. This privilege was accorded by the new Constable of the Tower, Field-Marshal Lord Milne, on the representation (it is stated) of the Rev. P. B. Clayton. The band, it is understood, will play in the Moat each Thursday from 12.45 to 1.45 p.m., weather permitting. Needless to say, this innovation has been much appreciated by City workers.



A SHEPHERD'S DARING EXPLOIT TO RETRIEVE A LAMB FROM A CLIFF IN NORTH WALES: CAMPERS HELPING THE RESCUER WITH A ROPE.

The correspondent who sends us this photograph writes: "During the annual round-up of sheep for dipping on Berwyn Mountains (North Wales), a lamb was found on a ledge of rock, unable to move. Mr. L. Humphreys, a shepherd of Llanrhaiadr, obtained the assistance of some campers, and, with the aid of a rope, was lowered over the edge of the steep rock. He brought up the lamb after having fastened his dog's collar round its neck to obtain a hold."



CAPTAIN E. W. BALLANTINE'S UNIQUE CRICKET BAT—SPLIT INTO SIX "PAGES" (HINGED TO OPEN) TO TAKE THE AUTOGRAPHS OF 420 TEST CRICKETERS.

The cricket bats privileged to receive signatures generally differ not at all from those with which the players who autograph them have defended their wickets. But Captain Ballantine's bat, presented to him by Victor Trumper in 1902, has been split down twice—giving six "pages," which open like a book—or, rather, triptych-wise. They contain autographs of over 420 Test cricketers—English, Australian, New Zealand, South African, and West Indian.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



DRAGON-FLIES.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Courtship of Animals," "Random Gleanings from Nature's Fields," etc.

"To-day I saw the dragon-fly
Come from the wells where he did lie."

THOSE who live in the country, unfortunately, rarely seem to be inspired—exceptions apart—with any particular or conscious interest in the teeming life around them. A certain number of birds and beasts and insects they have names for; but their ideas concerning them are commonly crude, and often tempered with an unreasoning prejudice against them. From the cradle to the grave they pass, blind to the wonders and splendours around them!

The dragon-fly may serve as a case in point. Its life-history they could scarcely be expected to know, for this can only be followed by those with some

insects eaten must be enormous, for they have a ravenous appetite. On this account, then, we must regard them as most useful as well as most beautiful insects. Some Oriental species have reversed the usual custom of their tribe, and hunt by night, feeding, it is said, on mosquitoes, to which, indeed, they are welcome. The legs of the dragon-fly, it will be noticed, are placed far forward in advance of the wings, and they are very long. They serve to form a cage in which their insect-prey is conveyed to the mouth.

But, in their turn, they themselves are often eaten: the larger species, it is said, by the hobby; the smaller by many species of the smaller birds. One of the bee-eaters (*Merops apiaster*) lines its nest with their wings! I remember, years ago, while staying in Dorchester, near Oxford, seeing the bridge over a small stream littered with the wings of the beautiful, but slow-moving "damsel-fly" (*Calopteryx splendens*), and was greatly mystified as to how they came there. A careful watch soon showed that sparrows were lying in wait, and destroyed nearly every one which attempted to rise over the bridge from the water. The wings were pulled off, and the bodies eaten. The smaller species are also often caught in the deadly, gum-tipped fly-trap formed by the leaves of the sundew (*Drosera*). On a single plant of *Drosera rotundifolia*, growing by the side of a pond in the fir-woods near Esher, some years ago, no less than four specimens of the beautiful blue, slender-bodied *Enallagma cyathigerum* were thus trapped.

Altogether, of a total of nearly 2000 species known to science, only forty species are to be found within the confines of the British Islands. Some of these are of great beauty, though it must suffice here to mention but two or three. Such, for example, as the beautiful *Sympetrum flaveolum*, wherein the male has a red body and a saffron-coloured patch on the hind-wing; *Orthotretum cancellatum*, the male of which has a blue body; the giant *Anax imperator*, green and blue, with black markings; *Pyrhosoma tenella*, with a long, slender, crimson abdomen; and the delicate *Calopteryx virgo*, of a rich metallic blue. But these

so far back as June 1852, of a movement of this kind by the curiously short-bodied *Libellula depressa*, which passed over Königsberg in a "compact band, 60 ft. wide, and about 10 ft. deep, moving with the speed of a horse at a steady trot. They occupied from nine in the morning till evening in their passage . . ." And there is a Swedish record, dated June 1883, when they passed over Malmö "in millions"! Where could such hosts have started from? And what could have caused such a mighty exodus in these two cases? And others could be cited, though on a less magnificent scale, in our own country. We have a parallel in the migrations of butterflies, some of which, at any rate, are on a scale quite equal



1. A DRAGON-FLY (*Calopteryx virgo*) ESCAPING FROM ITS NYMPH-CASE, WHICH WILL BE LEFT CLINGING TO THE REED-STEM: A PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING THE UNDEVELOPED WINGS.

As soon as the dragon-fly is free, it climbs higher up the reed-stem to await the expanding and drying of its gauze-like wings. The dragon-fly's transformation from the larval to the adult stage is direct; there is no intermediate or "chrysalis stage," as in the butterflies and moths.

Photograph by F. Enock.

knowledge and skill in such matters; and many of those whom I have in mind have a life-history of their own which is over-full of toil. But they know the dragon-fly when they see one (who would not?) and they regard it with feelings either of fear or dislike. They call them "devil's darning-needles," or "horse-stingers." But in Norfolk people have a kindlier outlook. There they are known as "Tom-breezes," I suppose in reference to their swift and twisting flight; for the wind bloweth where it listeth.

But, to many of us, the dragon-fly is the very embodiment of summer-time; a joyous, care-free creature, who revels in the beauty-spots of the countryside, where there are placid pools girdled by reeds and rushes, alders and willows, or forest streams where the water ripples over a stony bed, covering the ferns with spray. Such are the typical haunts of these charming creatures. But I was astonished recently when, early one evening, I saw, just at twilight, a magnificent specimen of *Chorduligaster*, one of the giants of his tribe, having a wing-span of nearly 4 in., careering up and down the course of a dry ditch running along the roadside by my entrance-gate. Another appeared but yesterday, twisting and turning over the garden and a newly-made pond adjoining my paddock. This, however, is no new thing. It is well known that dragon-flies are sometimes to be found at a considerable distance from water, and, when newly emerged from the nymph stage, some species seem to avoid the near neighbourhood of water for several days.

Gorgeously arrayed as some of these creatures are, when we come to enquire precisely as to their mode of living, one finds that they are no better than gentlemen-highwaymen—and rather worse! For, while they subsist mainly on flies captured in mid-air, the larger sort will not hesitate to eat their smaller relations when opportunity offers. The number of



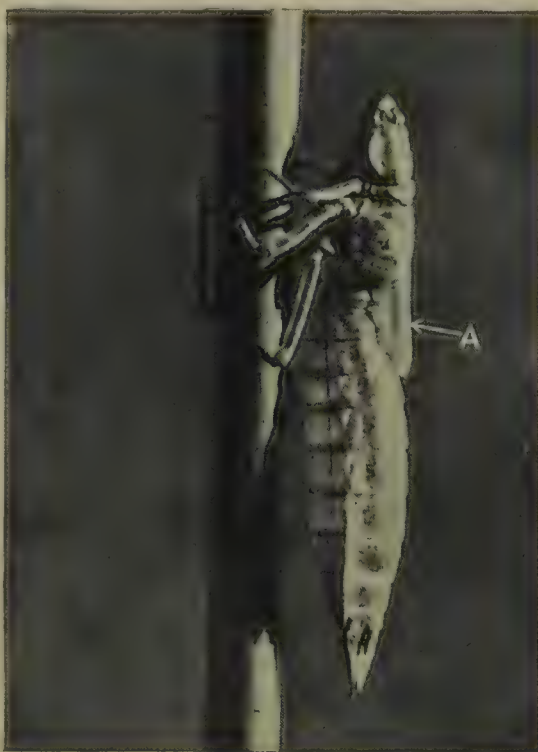
2. THE SAME DRAGON-FLY WITH THE WINGS NOW FULLY EXPANDED AND NEARLY STRONG ENOUGH FOR FLIGHT: *Calopteryx virgo*, whose wings are at first russet-brown, turning later to a deep blue, to match the colour of the long, slender body.

Photograph by F. Enock.

to that of these dragon-fly movements. No one has yet been able to offer any explanation of these stupendous journeys, having no apparent reason or objective.

The dragon-fly differs from most insects, in that there is no prolonged resting stage between the larval and adult states. The larval stage of the dragon-fly (called "nymph"), is passed under water; and a voracious little beast it is, for it will eat even the younger members of its own tribe, as well as small fishes. When newly hatched they look rather like minute spiders, and are quite transparent. But how long the larval life lasts is unknown. It may take, it is believed, as much as three years; though where food is plentiful a much shorter time suffices. In the early stages there is no trace of wings; but these gradually make their appearance in successive moults. In the adjoining photograph (Fig. 1), a dragon-fly, one of the beautiful genus *Calopteryx*, is seen wriggling out of its last nymph-case. The wings, it will be noted, are quite small. But, within an hour or so, they have expanded to their full size, as in Fig. 2, where it has crawled away from the nymph-case just behind it. After the final emergence the nymph-case is left behind, still clinging to the reed-stem just above the water; for emergence always takes place in the upper air. The empty case shown in Fig. 3 is that of an *Æschna*.

As touching the relationship of the dragon-flies to other insects, much uncertainty still prevails. They stand a race apart, but they seem to have some affinity with the *Ephemeroidea*. They are certainly of great antiquity, for the earliest fossil remains that can with certainty be referred to the dragon-flies date back to the Jurassic. The air gleamed with the shimmering armour of dragon-flies a million years before the advent of the first bird—*Archæopteryx*. The birds have undergone a considerable transformation since then; the dragon-fly was then as he is now!



3. THE EMPTY NYMPH-CASE OF AN *ÆSCHNA* DRAGON-FLY: A "CLOSE-UP" PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING THE SMALL WING-CASES (A).

by no means exhaust the list of really beautiful species. Unfortunately, they have no English names.

At irregular intervals of time, and for quite unknown reasons, some species of dragon-flies, at any rate, are found migrating in hordes. There is a record

A VAN DYCK BOUGHT FOR TEN SHILLINGS—AND THEN KEPT IN AN ATTIC!

REPRODUCED BY COURTESY OF THE OWNERS AND OF THE CITY MUSEUM AND ART GALLERY, BIRMINGHAM.



AS NOW EXHIBITED IN THE BIRMINGHAM ART GALLERY: "PORTRAIT OF A GENTLEMAN"; BY VAN DYCK—
A WORK CONSIDERED TO BE A PRELIMINARY SKETCH FOR A LARGE PAINTING. (1618-1621.)

The painting here reproduced has just been placed on exhibition in the Birmingham Art Gallery, with the label: "Sir Anthony van Dyck. Flemish School. Portrait of a Gentleman." Several years ago, Mrs. J. E. Bendall and her daughter, Miss Elsie Bendall, of Handsworth, who own it, bought it in a dealer's shop in Bishop's Stortford, where they were holiday-making. It was very dirty; but Mrs. Bendall was attracted by the expressive eyes, and gave ten shillings for it. On returning to Birmingham, she put it in the attic, and there it remained until, some years later, it was cleaned by Mr. H. R. Cook. Then a photograph of it was sent to Mr. S. C.

Kaines Smith, the Keeper of Birmingham's Museum and Art Gallery, who was so interested that he inspected the original, and took it to the Gallery for more thorough examination. That was two years ago; now the work, as we have said, can be seen by the public. Mr. Kaines Smith considers it to be a preliminary sketch for a large portrait, painted between 1618 and 1621, and thus belonging to Van Dyck's first Flemish period. Only the head approaches the finished state; the shoulder is bare canvas. The canvas, which measures 15½ by 12½ in. has been cut down considerably, probably because the greater part of it was blank.

FISH "MANNEQUINS," KILLERS, AND "TEMPERAMENTALS": EXHIBITS IN THE GREAT MADRAS AQUARIUM, FAMOUS IN THE EAST.



EXHIBITS IN THE FAMOUS MADRAS AQUARIUM: A PUFFER (ABOVE), WHICH, WHEN ALARMED, BLOWS ITSELF UP INTO A BRIGHTLY-COLOURED "FOOTBALL"; AND A FISH OF THE SNAPPER FAMILY.



FISH WHICH, DESPITE THEIR SOLEMN STUPIDITY OF EXPRESSION, ARE YET MOST TEMPERAMENTAL; CHANGING COLOUR WITH EMOTION OR IF "OUT OF SORTS": INDIAN ROCK COD (*EPINEPHELUS*)—AND (ABOVE) A SEA-PERCH (*LUTIANUS DODECACANTHUS*).



SUCKERS THAT CAN HOLD UP A PAIL OF WATER WEIGHING OVER 20 LB. WHEN ATTACHED FIRMLY TO ITS SURFACE: SPECIMENS OF *ECHENEIS NAUCRATES* HANGING FROM THE SIDE OF A TANK.



"SEA-PERCH" (*LUTIANUS SEBAE*); DISTINGUISHED BY A CURIOUS PROFILE AND CONSPICUOUS BAND-MARKINGS: FISH WHICH SHOW GERMS OF INTELLIGENCE, HAVING LEARNT TO RECOGNISE THEIR FEEDER'S APPROACH FROM A DISTANCE.

at times in the shore seines. When drawn from the sea they instinctively inflate themselves. Therefore, being then filled with air, they float helpless, upside down, if thrown back into the water. These animated footballs are, of course, the joy of any child lucky enough to find one on the beach." In the second tank a sea-perch (*Lutianus dodecacanthus*) is seen above Indian rock cod (*Epinephelus*). These latter are of interest because of their capacity for changing colour—as the result of fear or anger, or of bad health, or even (it has been found) because the water they live in is not sufficiently oxygenated. "In the sucker-fish (*Echeneis Naucrates*)," writes our correspondent, "the adhesive power of the sucker is marvellous. Even

OUR readers will remember that we reproduced in our issue of February 20, 1932, photographs of a number of the more remarkable inhabitants of the famous Monaco Aquarium. We now go further afield—and present on these pages a no less striking series of snapshots of dwellers in the tanks of the Marine Aquarium at Madras. As recently as 1929, this was the only aquarium in India; and it is probably the finest of its kind in the East. In the first tank illustrated here, a Globe, or Puffer, fish (*Tetodon reticularis*) is seen swimming above a fish of the snapper family (*Lutianidae*). The Puffers have a trick of blowing themselves up with water or air when alarmed. "Many are brightly coloured," writes the correspondent furnishing these photographs, "and show pretty shades of yellow and green on the sides and throat when distended. The forepart of the gullet in these fish is enormously developed as a great pouched sac passing backwards between the skin and abdominal organs. By admitting water into this, it becomes blown out like a balloon, doubling the diameter of the body. At the same time, the thorny spines that lie at rest are erected to add emphasis to the fish's horrific appearance. . . . These fish are very common



SEA-SNAKES ABOUT WHICH THERE IS A SINISTER GRACEFULNESS: *HYDROPHIDÆ* (POSSESSORS OF A VENOMOUS BITE AND EACH CAPABLE OF KILLING A FISH "AS BIG AS ITSELF"), WHICH PREFER TO ATTACK THEIR PREY FROM BEHIND AND PARALYSE IT AT THE FIRST STROKE.



SCORPION FISH, WHOSE FIN RAYS HAVE DEVELOPED TO A FANTASTIC EXTENT AND FRILLS HAVE GROWN FROM THE "FACE": "SEA-MANNEQUINS," WHOSE LANGUID MANNER OF SWIMMING AND "POSTURING" IN THE WATER RECALLS THE BLASÉ VANITY OF PROFESSIONAL EXHIBITORS OF FROCKS!

a small sucker-fish of two feet in length will sustain a pail of water weighing over twenty pounds if it be allowed to get a firm grip on the inside and then be lifted by the tail." Of the "sea-perch" seen in the fourth tank we learn: "Several sea-perches of the common genus *Lutianus* show, perhaps, greater intelligence and power of observation than any other fish in the aquarium. They are ever on the watch for the attendant with his pail of food. His coming is sensed long before he reaches the tank, and this is sufficient to throw the fish into a wild state of excitement." As to the sea-snakes, "they prefer their food alive, and, if they get the chance, seize their prey towards the tail, whereupon, within a couple of seconds, the fish gives a single convulsive effort and subsides into immediate unconsciousness and death." In the scorpion fish the fins have attained a size far beyond anything requisite for swimming; indeed, it is notably slow-moving and lethargic. Besides a great lengthening of the bony rays that support the fins, the membrane between them has been increased so greatly that the fins have come to simulate the frills and furbelows affected by the ladies of the Victorian age! "The fish's movements have something akin to the dressmaker's



THE TIGER-SHARK FROM THE UNDER-SIDE: THE FISH'S MANNER OF SEIZING ITS PREY—AND THE SINUOSITY OF THE LONG TAIL ADMIRABLY EXEMPLIFIED.



A SPLENDID "SWIMMING MACHINE" AND A RUTHLESS HUNTER OF THE DEEP: THE TIGER-SHARK, THE MOST BRIGHTLY COLOURED OF HIS KIND—A FINE PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING THE ACTION OF ALL THE FINS AND THE SET OF THE RELATIVELY ENORMOUS "RUDDER."

mannequin. When it swims, it sails along very slowly and gracefully, with a just perceptible fluttering of the great butterfly-like fins; it often halts for quite a reasonable time, as though courting admiration." Whether this curious raiment can be described as "natural camouflage," or "warning coloration," is still a matter in dispute. In the last tanks illustrated here are seen tiger-sharks (*Slegostoma tigrinum*). "Man-eating sharks," it is written, "keep usually to deep water; but the entrances to rivers and harbours, and anchorages frequented by steamers, have an attraction for them, because of the quantity of garbage to be found there. The larger and more dangerous sharks are omnivorous and none too dainty. The tiger-shark, sometimes 15 ft. long, is the most brightly coloured of his tribe."

The World of the Theatre.

THE POPULAR AUDIENCE.

"WHAT is the night?" cries Macbeth. A characteristic music-hall audience, with a shameless disregard of textual accuracy, would probably answer with one accord, "Saturday Night." For that is the time for the pub and the pictures, the music-hall and the melodrama. It is the time when it is possible to take Masefield's advice: "Laugh and be merry, like brothers akin." If you wish to discover the genius of the English people you will choose Saturday night for your expedition and one of these popular haunts for your destination. And what home truths you will hear; what home-grown wit, what cheerfulness, jauntiness, and vivacity! Everything seems to conspire to one end only; not excitement, nor depression, nor stimulation, nor forgetfulness, but just happiness. There is a fine content and a splendid courage abroad in these happy-go-lucky throngs of toilers, harassed, as they must be, by the anxieties of existence. It is here, in these trying times, that you find an antidote to pessimism and a continual inspiration. There is, doubtless, much that the sensitive mind finds repellent and irritating; but, with sufficient humility and understanding, the mirth in it, the vitality of it, the sanity through it, will not only make us overlook the breaches of good taste, but envy their appetite for life. A popular audience, such as forgathers in a music-hall, is a revelation, the most vital and clear expression of that indomitable spirit that remains to them. It is a genius not easily defined—the "Gor blimey" attitude offers so little to culture—but, to those who can appreciate it, that genius is both subtle and alluring and a mine of virtues.

Popular entertainments reflect accurately the culture, morals, ideals, temper, as well as the standards of literacy and taste, of the great mass of the people, and they provide for the social historian much more valuable and informative studies than those which appeal only to a more restricted audience. The Opera, the Chamber Concert, the Art Exhibition, the "highbrow" play, are not broadly and truly expressive of the national character; and to sit on Olympian heights, as Aristophanes did when he cursed "Demos" for a drunken giant, leaves the issue untouched. To deride and contemptuously dismiss the popular taste is not criticism, and the fact remains that the vulgar—in the best sense of that debased word—have kept the arts humane.



A SCENE FROM LENNOX ROBINSON'S SATIRICAL FARCE AT THE AMBASSADORS: MISS ESME BIDDLE AND MR. PAUL FARRELL AS CONSTANCE CONSTANTIA AND HECTOR DE LA MARE IN "IS LIFE WORTH LIVING?"

"Is Life Worth Living?" is a satirical farce which tilts wittily at the highbrows. It records the effect of a short season of Scandinavian, Russian, and modern German drama on some of the inhabitants of a small town in Ireland.

The great popular public is romantic at heart, and whoever reads, marks, and learns the story of our English literature must know their devotion to the poetry of life. The bard and the ballad-singer belong to the same lineage. They love the romantic virtues and vices and romantic settings. Romance breeds emotionalism, and when emotion runs amok it becomes sentimentalism. The overlay of good manners, the inveterate foe of good taste, has identified us as a stoical, stolid people. That is a bourgeois impression. Recollect the Armistice celebrations of 1918,



"THE ACE," AT THE LYRIC—A GERMAN AERODROME ON THE STAGE: LEUTNANT BARON VON DÜRING (BRUNO BARNABÉ), FÄHNRICH SCHMIDTCHEN (ERIC BERRY), LEUTNANT ROEDER (W. CRONIN WILSON), AND RITTMEISTER KURT VON HAGEN (RAYMOND MASSEY) (L. TO R.).

"The Ace" is Miles Malleson's adaptation of the German war play by Herman Rossmann. The scene is set in a château in Flanders occupied by the Germans in the Great War, and the drama deals with the impersonal enmity between von Hagen, the German "ace," and his great English rival, "The Major." Our readers will be interested to note that four of the famous fighting-in-the-air photographs which appeared in "The Illustrated London News" and also in the book "Death in the Air" are used to illustrate the programme.

picture a Cup-tie final at Wembley, visit Hampstead Heath on a Bank Holiday, go to the Old Vic or the Palladium on a Saturday night: can you then say we are not demonstrative? Those very select and very self-conscious folk who applaud what they have been taught to applaud, who appreciate what they have been told to appreciate, whose drawing-room manners prevent them from passing judgment on a play till they have read the criticisms on it, are ready to despise the popular taste, because it is so common. That may be true, but it is the people's own. And only from an honest expression of likes and dislikes can taste be developed.

The touchstone in the popular audience is the applause. It is natural and unashamed, and it is not uncritical, as any unfortunate performer who has had "the bird" will admit. I wonder how much of the uncritical, refined applause in the concert-room at the close of a symphony has that merit of honesty. The modern concert-audience is continually afflicted by self-consciousness. It has been educated beforehand by courses on every aspect of music. Such an audience finds it difficult to escape insincerity. Spontaneity is the first justification of applause, and spontaneity is the very spirit of popular acclamation. No courtesies measure their approval. It is downright and emphatic and knows its own mind.

It wants humour first and humour last. Is that to be condemned? The mingling of the sublime and the ridiculous is an unchanging human note. In every great tragic period of our theatre there have been clowns—Shakespeare put a fool in "Lear"—and though their place in the playhouse has varied, likewise the traditions of their costuming, their jokes and miming, they have always been beloved. The anatomy of mirth remains unaltered—the relation of laughter to tears, of costume and surprise to laughter, of topical skits to comic pleasure. The comedian of the music-hall has as honourable and distinguished a genealogy as the tragedian of the stage. It was a man of the people who gave us the best definition of humour,

for it was John Bunyan who wrote: "Humour is that which makes our fancy chuckle while our hearts do ache."

Since humour lies cheek by jowl with pathos, it is not surprising that the popular audience is unashamed of sentiment. The words of their favourite songs may be trashy, but they embalm a human emotion; and, in an industrial era of machines that threaten to turn us into robots there is a worth in this expression. The saving grace of humour keeps them above banality. There is a sublime faith in the fairy-story associated with these sentimentalities, for they all belong to a world where there is no clocking-in, no rent, no anxiety about jobs, no wearing boot-leather. Is not that why popular audiences enjoy the Ruritanian romances of the screen? The happy-ever-after ending is not a concession, but an expression of their own secret desires. The brutalities exploited for their excitement are relished in a perverse way, because they factitiously enjoy the experience that hard knocks give. It is a vigour that might, with an artist's vision, be transformed into tragedy. I see nothing to lament in the popularity of the dance-band, with its fox-trots and jazz songs. It is the love of rhythm, of a lilting tune, of a melody that can be whistled or hummed and repeated at home, strummed on a piano. The tune, if it is a good tune, is a joy that eases many a task. It demands professional proficiency to play Ravel or



"THE ACE"—THE GERMAN FLYING HERO REVEALS HIS TROUBLED SOUL TO THE FRENCH GIRL, WHO CANNOT UNDERSTAND: MR. RAYMOND MASSEY AS VON HAGEN, AND Mlle. KETTY GALLIAN AS AIMÉE.

Von Hagen, the famous German airman of "The Ace," dreams nightly that he has been shot down by the English Major. He finds comfort in voicing his terror to the French girl, who cannot understand a word, and imagines he is making love to her. Mlle. Gallian plays in French.

Scriabine, and then there is no melody. After all, our folk-songs were once popular melodies. The arts grow more complex as civilisation advances, and we cannot expect the great majority to enjoy the more intricate forms of any art; nor can we expect their understanding. This is the point of Mr. Lennox Robinson's delicious farce at the Ambassadors, "Is Life Worth Living?" This is farcical comedy at its best. "What is the use of playing Tolstoy, Tchekhov, Ibsen, Strindberg and the rest?" says Mr. Robinson, in effect, "to simple folk?" A circus is much more fun, and healthier. So why deride the music-hall tune? "Tipperary" came out of the music-hall. These melodies bring their own sunshine—the love of rhythm, the fondness for sentiment, the desire for something rememberable. That is why I believe the latest importations of so-called "hot rhythm" music cannot stay, because it is alien to our nature and has nothing to offer but barren cleverness and degrading din.

The popular love of colour on the variety stage represents the natural craving of all children; and the popular audience is childlike at heart. For the most part, these spectacles are in good taste; and who can measure their influence? Victorian drabness has gone, and not a little of the credit is due to the designers for stage or screen. Meanwhile, though the popular audience, like the poor, will be always with us, so long as it is rich in spirit and has the stuff of poetry in it, this audience will remain, in these days of internationalism, to express the soul of that character which is forever England. G. F. H.

LEAVES FROM LIFE: A NEW SERIES OF STUDIES BY EDMUND BLAMPIED.

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY EDMUND BLAMPIED.



"THE WINNER OF A CROSS-WORD PUZZLE COMPETITION—WITH CHEQUE."



"THE VICAR LOSES HIS BISHOP."

We here continue our second series of drawings of English life by Edmund Blampied. Our readers will recall that we have already reproduced numerous examples from the new set—showing archery competitions, yacht-racing at Cowes,

two contrasting studies of infant Londoners, some typical London summer scenes, and studies made at Covent Garden and Billingsgate. We here give drawings of two little domestic incidents—trivial perhaps, but none the less typical.

THEIR MAJESTIES IN LEEDS: THE KING OPENS THE NEW CIVIC HALL.



THE KING AND QUEEN IN LEEDS: THEIR MAJESTIES LEAVING THE TOWN HALL, AFTER HEARING THE LORD MAYOR'S ADDRESS OF WELCOME, BEFORE DRIVING TO THE NEW £400,000 CIVIC HALL.



ON THE WAY TO OPEN THE CIVIC HALL: THE KING, ACCOMPANIED BY THE QUEEN, AND WITH THE EARL OF HAREWOOD AND SIR HILTON YOUNG, DRIVING THROUGH LEEDS; ESCORTED BY LIFE GUARDS.

THE King and Queen had an enthusiastic welcome when they visited Leeds on August 23 to open the new Civic Hall. Their Majesties travelled from Harewood House (where they had been staying with the Princess Royal and the Earl of Harewood) to the boundary of Leeds, where they were met by city dignitaries, and entered a horse-drawn carriage. After hearing, and replying to, an address of welcome from the Lord Mayor at the Victoria Hall (the old Town Hall), they proceeded to open the new Civic Hall. A gold key was handed to the King by the architect of the building, Mr. E. Vincent Harris, and his Majesty unlocked with it the blue-and-gold grille covering the main door, saying: "I have pleasure in declaring this Civic Hall open." As the grille swung back, a fanfare of trumpets announced to the public that the ceremony was complete. The Bishop of Ripon said a short prayer of dedication, and the King and Queen made a tour of inspection of the building, conducted by the architect. After further presentations, luncheon was served, thirty-four people having the honour of meeting their Majesties. The royal party later returned to Harewood House.



AN AERIAL VIEW OF THE HEART OF LEEDS: THE SCENE OF THE ROYAL VISIT—SHOWING THE TOWN HALL (LEFT FOREGROUND), WHERE THE ADDRESS OF WELCOME TO THEIR MAJESTIES WAS READ; AND THE NEW TWIN-TOWERED CIVIC HALL (CENTRE; AT BACK).



THE CEREMONY OF OPENING THE DOOR OF THE CIVIC HALL, WHICH THE KING PERFORMED WITH A GOLDEN KEY: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE SCENE UNDER THE GRAND PORTICO.



HIS MAJESTY INSERTING THE GOLDEN KEY INTO THE LOCK OF THE GRILLE AT THE MAIN DOOR.

LIGHTNING ON NEW YORK'S TALLEST SKYSCRAPER: AMAZING PHOTOGRAPHS.

INFRA-RED PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN POMEROY GATY. (SEE ALSO THE NEXT TWO PAGES.)



1. LIGHTNING ON THE EMPIRE STATE BUILDING, NEW YORK: A MOST UNUSUAL PHOTOGRAPH, AS SHOWING THE FLASH APPARENTLY STRIKING A RAIL NEARLY 40 FEET BELOW THE LIGHTNING-RODS, WITH A FLAME AT THE POINT OF IMPACT.

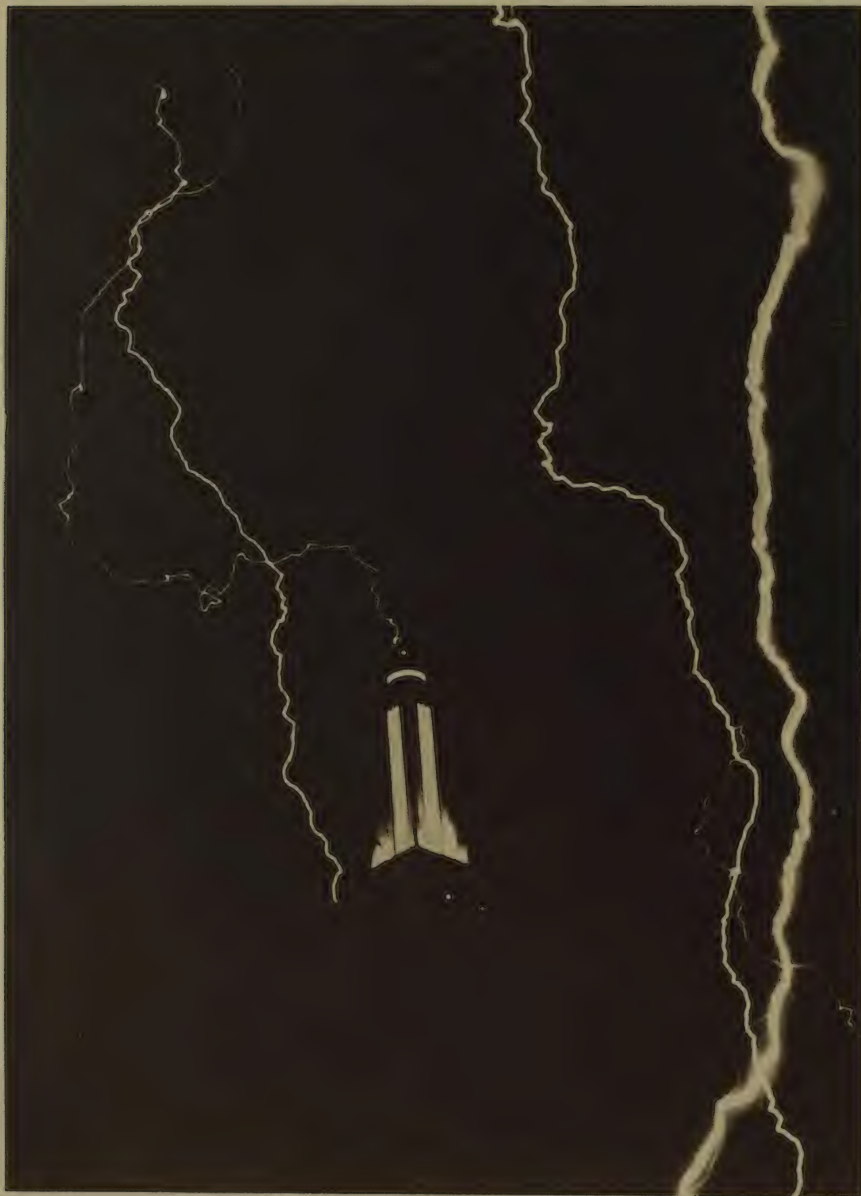
Here and on the succeeding double-page we reproduce wonderful photographs of lightning striking the Empire State Building, New York, which acts as a gigantic lightning-conductor. The above photographs were taken on an infra-red film, with an infra-red filter. Regarding No. 1, the photographer notes: "This is a most unusual photograph, and unique among the series, since it is the only one where a flash contacted the tower below the lightning-rods. This flash apparently hit the rail of the upper observation platform, almost 40 ft. below the lightning-rods. There seems

2. A REPETITIVE TYPE OF FLASH: A PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING (IN THE HORIZONTAL PART OF THE FLASH) INTERVALS BETWEEN DISCHARGES MARKED BY DARK LINES, SOME WITH, AND SOME WITHOUT, FRINGES OF INCANDESCENT PARTICLES—AN UNEXPLAINED PHENOMENON.

to have been a large flame released at its base, seen extending to left of the point of impact. Its origin has not been explained." One suggestion is that an initial spark, not recorded on the plate, did actually occur at the top of the tower. Of No. 2 Mr. Gaty writes: "This is a repetitive type of flash. The time between discharges was approximately '4 to '6 seconds. Incandescent particles could be seen after the flash rising vertically in the heated air. In the horizontal portion the discharges are separated by dark lines representing intervals between them."

THE WORLD'S HIGHEST BUILDING AS A GIGANTIC LIGHTNING-CONDUCTOR: A TRIUMPH OF THUNDERSTORM PHOTOGRAPHY.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN JOMEROV GAY. (SEE ALSO THE PRECEDING PAGE.)



1. LIGHTNING OVER NEW YORK: AN INFRA-RED PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING A SMALL DISCHARGE STRIKING ONE LIGHTNING-ROD ON THE EMPIRE STATE BUILDING, NEW YORK; WITH A BROAD FLASH (ON THE EXTREME RIGHT) A MILE BEHIND THE TOWER; AND OTHERS MUCH FURTHER AWAY.

THESE magnificent photographs of lightning flashes hitting the Empire State Building, New York (1249 ft.—the world's highest structure), belong to the same series as those on the preceding page. Of No. 1 (adjoining on the left) the photographer writes: "The tower is here shown with interior and flood lights. No exterior details show except in the flood-lights. The small discharge contacting one lightning-rod was the first hit of the storm and passed unnoted by two observers. The broad flash at the extreme right struck a mile behind the tower, while the others are much further away." This photograph was taken on an infra-red film, with an infrared filter. That on the right (No. 2) was taken on a panchromatic film, with no filter. An explanatory note on it states: "The interior lights in the tower have been turned out for the night, but lights still burn on the terrace at the 68th floor. A strong wind was blowing from the west (from right to left in the photograph). Note the serrations on the left side of the flash, caused by registration on the film of the paths of incandescent particles, released from the path of discharge after the flash disappeared, and blown out towards the left by the wind. Note also the bright point at the bottom of the flash indicated by the spot of hailion. The reflection of the lightning can plainly be seen on the polished metal of the tower's cap." In a general note, Mr. Gay adds: "During summer thunderstorms the Empire State Building acts as a gigantic lightning-conductor to protect a wide district from lightning damage. Discharges occur frequently to the two tall lightning-rods placed on the very top of the tower. When a violent storm occurs, the spectacle that the top of the tower presents is almost beyond belief."



2. A GREAT FLASH OF LIGHTNING STRIKING THE SUMMIT OF THE EMPIRE STATE BUILDING AND SEEN REFLECTED IN THE TOWER'S CAP OF POLISHED METAL: A PANCHROMATIC PHOTOGRAPH, SHOWING SERRATIONS (ON THE LEFT SIDE OF THE FLASH) REPRESENTING INCANDESCENT PARTICLES BLOWN BY THE WIND.

THE SCHLIEFFEN CASE.

By SIGNOR GUGLIELMO FERRERO,

The distinguished Italian Philosophical Historian; Author of "The Greatness and Decline of Rome," "Ruins of the Ancient Civilisations," etc.

We continue here our series of occasional articles by Signor Ferrero, dealing with world politics as that famous modern historian sees them and interprets them. The views set forth in the series are personal and not necessarily editorial.

NOTWITHSTANDING the numerous other things she has had to think about in the last few months, Germany has managed to find time discreetly, albeit not without a certain solemnity, to celebrate a centenary: that of the birth of Count Schlieffen . . .

"Count Schlieffen?" asks the reader. "Who was that?"

He was a personage who, without enjoying world-wide celebrity, played a considerable part in the history of our period. In fact, he was the head of the German General Staff and author of the plans for the German offensive of 1914 against France and Belgium. Not only did he prepare those plans, which were to come to grief on the banks of the Marne, but he gave them a philosophical and historical justification which is well worth study. It reveals one of the deep-rooted causes of the misfortunes of our times.

Schlieffen set forth his theory in a long article that appeared, in 1909, in a technical review then very well known in Germany: "Die Vierteljahrshäfte für Truppenführung und Heereskunde." The article was entitled "Cannæ"—Cannæ, that famous battle fought by Hannibal against the Romans on the 2nd of August, 216 B.C. on the borders of the Olfanto in Southern Italy, in which, with his 50,000 men, he surrounded and wiped out the Roman army of double that strength. Schlieffen asserts that Cannæ is the perfect example of a battle in which the enemy is not only defeated, but utterly destroyed—the *Vernichtende Schlacht*, as he calls it, being the ideal form of battle. According to him, the genius of a general who prepares and directs a battle should be estimated by the measure in which he destroys the enemy forces; the greater the destruction, the more admirable his genius.

In his plan Schlieffen set out to do on a larger scale, with two million men and on a front covering several hundreds of miles, what Hannibal did with 50,000 men on a front covering two or three miles: to surround and annihilate the entire French army. If the plan had succeeded, the most gigantic *Vernichtende Schlacht* ever known would, in a few weeks, have brought the greatest war in history to an end. But was the idea of that almost superhuman strategic and tactical operation really suggested to Schlieffen by Hannibal? During the war, I once mentioned Count Schlieffen's article to a friend in a high position in the Italian army, who had been in close touch with the German General Staff. I rather think he had known Count Schlieffen personally. He laughed when I spoke of Hannibal's influence on German tactics, and said, with a shrug of his shoulders:

"It was not from the battle of Cannæ that Schlieffen got his idea for the plan of 1914, but from the battle of Adowa . . ."

The battle of Adowa, fought between the Abyssinians and Italians on the 1st of March, 1896, is a little-known but brilliant case of surrounding on both wings. Having

been informed that only a third of the Abyssinian army was left in the plain of Adowa—roughly about 30,000 men out of 100,000—General Baratieri decided to take them by surprise with a night march. In order to do this, he had to cross a small range of mountains a few miles deep. But, in reality, practically the whole of the Abyssinian army was massed in the plain of Adowa. . . . Warned by their spies during the night that the enemy was on his way, in the morning they fell upon the little Italian army of 15,000

violences is to overstrain each other by their clashes until the wearing down of the weaker. Warfare should, therefore, by its nature tend to a maximum of violence; the perfect war should be represented by a simultaneous deployment of both belligerent forces, and one single shock in which the stronger should utterly wipe out the weaker. In practice numerous imperfections of nature prevent that ideal from being attained; but that, theoretically, should be the aim of warfare. Conclusion: in perfecting itself in civilisation, war should grow, not gentler, but swifter and more violent. War to the death, without rules and without limitations, should be the coming to a head of civilisation.

To the common sense of many readers that doctrine may come as a shock. It is, however, the hidden doctrine which has dominated the development of all military institutions throughout the West since 1848. What originally gave rise to it? . . . That is a problem which I have been trying to solve this year in my course at the Institut Universitaire des Hautes Études Internationales, by devoting part of it to Clausewitz's work. But it is an obscure and complex problem. In the eighteenth century, which waged many a war, not a trace is to be found of that doctrine of war to the death. It makes a kind of sudden eruption in Clausewitz's work, written between 1820 and 1830 and published posthumously in 1832. In spite of the strong resistance it encountered, principally in France, it was, above all, after 1870 that it imposed itself on Europe, to such a degree that for half a century the Western mind was incapable of seeing its weak points. Nevertheless, they are obvious.

Schlieffen recommends Cannæ to strategists as the model of the perfect battle because Hannibal succeeded in utterly destroying his adversary. But why did it not occur to Schlieffen that, even if Hannibal did wipe out several Roman armies at the Trasimene and Cannæ, the fact remains that he ended by losing the war? The same remark applies in the case of Napoleon. In several of his battles he more or less completely destroyed his adversary. Yet, in spite of all those victories, he ended by going under. Why? Because what happened to Hannibal happened to him: one army having been destroyed, another followed in its wake; then another, then yet another. . . . They both had to contend against adversaries disposing of greater forces than themselves; both of them were eventually worn out by their victories.

Destructive battles are of use when the victor enjoys superiority of numbers and material means; but in that case all doctrines and all methods hold good. Perfecting warfare should mean putting the odds in favour of brains and audacity. Yet all forms of war to the death end in the triumph of sheer numbers and material means; it is he who has the greater number of soldiers and the best supply of money who always comes out on top in the long run. Frederick II., at the head of a small State, was able to stand out against enormous coalitions because the war of the eighteenth century was no war to the death without rules or limitations, but a war regulated and limited, in which brains still played a supreme part. If we took Count Schlieffen's doctrines literally, the greatest warrior

[Continued on page 376.]



"DICTATORS" IN HOLIDAY MOOD DURING THE AUSTRO-ITALIAN CONVERSATIONS: SIGNOR MUSSOLINI (ON THE LEFT IN BATHING COSTUME, JUMPING INTO THE SEA) AND HERR DOLLFUSS (TOP RIGHT BACKGROUND) ABOARD A SAILING-BOAT AT RICCIONE.

Herr Dollfuss, the Austrian Chancellor, travelling by air from Vienna to Rimini, arrived on August 19 at Riccione, on the Italian coast, for conversations with Signor Mussolini. An official statement said that they examined the European political situation in all its bearings, and discovered identity of ideas. On Sunday, the 20th, the discussions were resumed in the intervals of swimming, sailing, motoring, and sight-seeing. Herr Dollfuss returned by air to Vienna next day. Before leaving he expressed great satisfaction with the results of his visit.

He emphasised the unusual warmth of his reception by the Duce, who, he said, had sacrificed almost the whole of his week-end.

men, by utilising two passes well known to the natives of the country; on the right Chidane Meret Pass, on the left Mount Belà. As it happened, two out of the four Italian brigades were wise enough to retire half an hour after the battle started; otherwise even Cannæ would have paled beside it as an example of surrounding on both wings and destructive battle.

My friend was of the opinion that Count Schlieffen was inspired by this battle when drawing up his plan; but, not wishing to quote the dusky authority of Ras Alula, Commander-in-Chief of the Abyssinian army at Adowa, he substituted that of a character sanctioned by history, Hannibal. I cannot tell whether or no that explanation is the right one. In any case, it is certain that Count Schlieffen's plan was the outcome of a current of ideas whose main source is to be found in General Clausewitz's "Vom Krieg"—a current Germany was chiefly instrumental in spreading and imposing on the world. Clausewitz's doctrine can be summed up thus: War is an act of violence, and the character of two conflicting

THIRD - CENTURY ART AT DURA-EUROPUS: SCULPTURE RELIEFS, WALL - PAINTINGS, AND WOVEN FABRIC.

IN our issue of July 29 we gave an illustrated article by Mr. Clark Hopkins describing his remarkable discovery of a third-century Jewish synagogue—the first ever found decorated with mural paintings—at Dura-Europos, once a frontier city and fortress on the Syrian Euphrates. His previous discovery there of the earliest-known Christian church with mural decorations was similarly recorded in our number for August 13, 1932. The above photographs, and those given on the two following pages with a new article by Mr. Hopkins, illustrate further objects of great interest found, besides the synagogue, during the last season's excavations. Our illustrations are numbered in sequence from this page to the next two, to correspond with the author's references to the particular subjects. Mr. Hopkins has pointed out that the expedition to Dura-Europos was conducted by Yale University in co-operation with the French Academy of Inscriptions and Letters.



FIG. 1. A PAINTING OF A WINGED VICTORY WITH CROWN AND PALM-BRANCH. (NOTE THE SPLIT SKIRT AND ROLLING BALL ASSOCIATED WITH THE GODDESS OF FORTUNE.)



FIG. 2. A SCULPTURED RELIEF OF A HORSEMAN (A KING OR A GOD) CROWNED BY AN EAGLE: A GROUP SHOWING THE PANOPLY OF A WARRIOR WITH QUIVER AND BOW-CASE.



FIG. 3. THE REVERSE OF THE BLOCK SEEN ABOVE IN FIG. 2: AN UNFINISHED RELIEF OF THE SAME SUBJECT, WITH DIFFERENT HAIR, SIZE OF HORSE, AND POSITION OF RIGHT-HAND FIGURE.



FIG. 4. A RELIGIOUS BANQUET SCENE WITH NAMES OF GUESTS BOTH IN PALMYRENE AND GREEK, AND ROSETTES LIKE THOSE ON THE CLOTH IN FIG. 5: A RECONSTRUCTION DRAWING OF A WALL-PAINTING IN A PRIVATE HOUSE FOUND AT DURA-EUROPUS.



FIG. 5. ONE OF THE FIRST SPECIMENS OF ANCIENT CLOTH DISCOVERED IN SYRIA: A GREEN PIECE DECORATED WITH ROSETTES LIKE THOSE IN FIG. 4—A PATTERN COMMON AT DURA, BUT HERE FIRST SEEN IN FABRIC.



FIG. 6. A COPY OF WALL-PAINTINGS IN A ROOM OF A HOUSE: (LEFT) THE BANQUET SHOWN IN FIG. 4; (CENTRE) EROS; (RIGHT) A WILD-ASS HUNT, WITH INSCRIPTION. (EXTREME RIGHT).



FIG. 7. FRAGMENTS OF A ROMAN PAINTING FOUND AT DURA-EUROPUS: A FIGURE HOLDING A SCROLL AND A WALLET.

HORSE-ARMOUR AND A UNIQUE PAINTED SHIELD FROM

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE YALE UNIVERSITY EXPEDITION TO DURA-EUROPOS (IN CO-OPERATION WITH THE FRENCH ACADEMY OF INSCRIPTIONS AND LETTERS).



FIG. 8. A BRONZE CUIRASS FOR A WAR-HORSE, FROM DURA-EUROPOS: THE UPPER SIDE, SHOWING THE LEATHER THONGS BESIDE THE SADDLE OPENING, WHICH WERE DESIGNED TO HOLD A BOW AND A QUIVER.



FIG. 9. THE UNDERSIDE OF THE HORSE-CUIRASS SHOWN IN FIG. 8: A REVERSE VIEW, GIVEN IN ORDER TO ILLUSTRATE THE CLOTH, THE STITCHING OF THE METAL PLATES, AND THE LEATHER BINDINGS AND STRAPS.



FIG. 10. A BRONZE CUIRASS OF THE EARLY THIRD CENTURY AS IT APPEARS WHEN WORN BY A MODERN HORSE: AN ANIMAL IN ARMOUR 1700 YEARS OLD.

MR. CLARK HOPKINS writes: "I have had the honour of describing in a recent article of this journal [for July 29] the Jewish synagogue found in the last season's work at Dura. This, however, though the most sensational, was by no means the only find of signal importance. The rainfall at Dura is small, about three inches a year, and the great mound of mud-brick heaped up along the walls has preserved wood (Fig. 15), textiles, and parchments. So it is that a large number of pieces of ancient cloth (Fig. 5), the only ones found thus far in Syria and Mesopotamia, were recovered. More remarkable was the discovery of a light shield of wood, covered with leather and adorned with paintings. The field was painted a brilliant red, on which were portrayed, below the centre, a lion, and, above, an eagle flanked with flying Victories (Figs. 12 and 13). A geometric border surrounded the centre, which was strengthened with a metal boss. Perhaps a shield so highly decorated was employed merely on parade, or



FIG. 11. ANOTHER TYPE OF THIRD-CENTURY HORSE-ARMOUR DISCOVERED AT DURA: A CUIRASS MADE OF IRON PLATES IN POSITION ON A LIVING ANIMAL.

A THIRD-CENTURY SITE IN SYRIA: DURA-EUROPOS FINDS.

ARTICLE BY CLARK HOPKINS, FIELD DIRECTOR. ILLUSTRATIONS (HERE AND ON THE FOLLOWING PAGE) NUMBERED ACCORDING TO HIS REFERENCES.



FIG. 12. A PAINTED SHIELD—"THE ONLY EXAMPLE OF ITS KIND WHICH HAS EVER BEEN BROUGHT TO LIGHT": FRAGMENTS OF THE TOP, SHOWING AN EAGLE AND PART OF FIGURES OF FLYING VICTORIES.



FIG. 13. THE LOWER PART OF THE PAINTED SHIELD (SHOWN IN FIG. 12), OF WHICH ALMOST ALL BUT THE METAL BOSS WAS RECOVERED: DECORATION, INCLUDING A LION, ON A BRILLIANT RED GROUND.

chiselling before completion. The great embankment along the circuit wall preserved, besides the Synagogue paintings and the parchments, wall-paintings in a private house (Figs. 4 and 6). Two banquet scenes were found, with a Palmyrene inscription stating that the participants were celebrating in the presence of the gods Baal, Iarhibol, Aglibol, and Arsus. Clearly, then, we have before us one of the religious banquets so often mentioned in the inscriptions of Palmyra. A third scene depicts a hunt of wild asses, and is full of action and feeling, in striking contrast to the stiff conventionalism of the banquet. The panels together exemplify the two phases of Parthian art, formal and stiff in the representation of human beings, but delighting in the portrayal of animals in swift motion. Further examples of third-century art were fragments of Roman paintings (Fig. 7), the painting of Victory (Fig. 1) on a pillar of one Roman bath, and a mosaic in the floor of

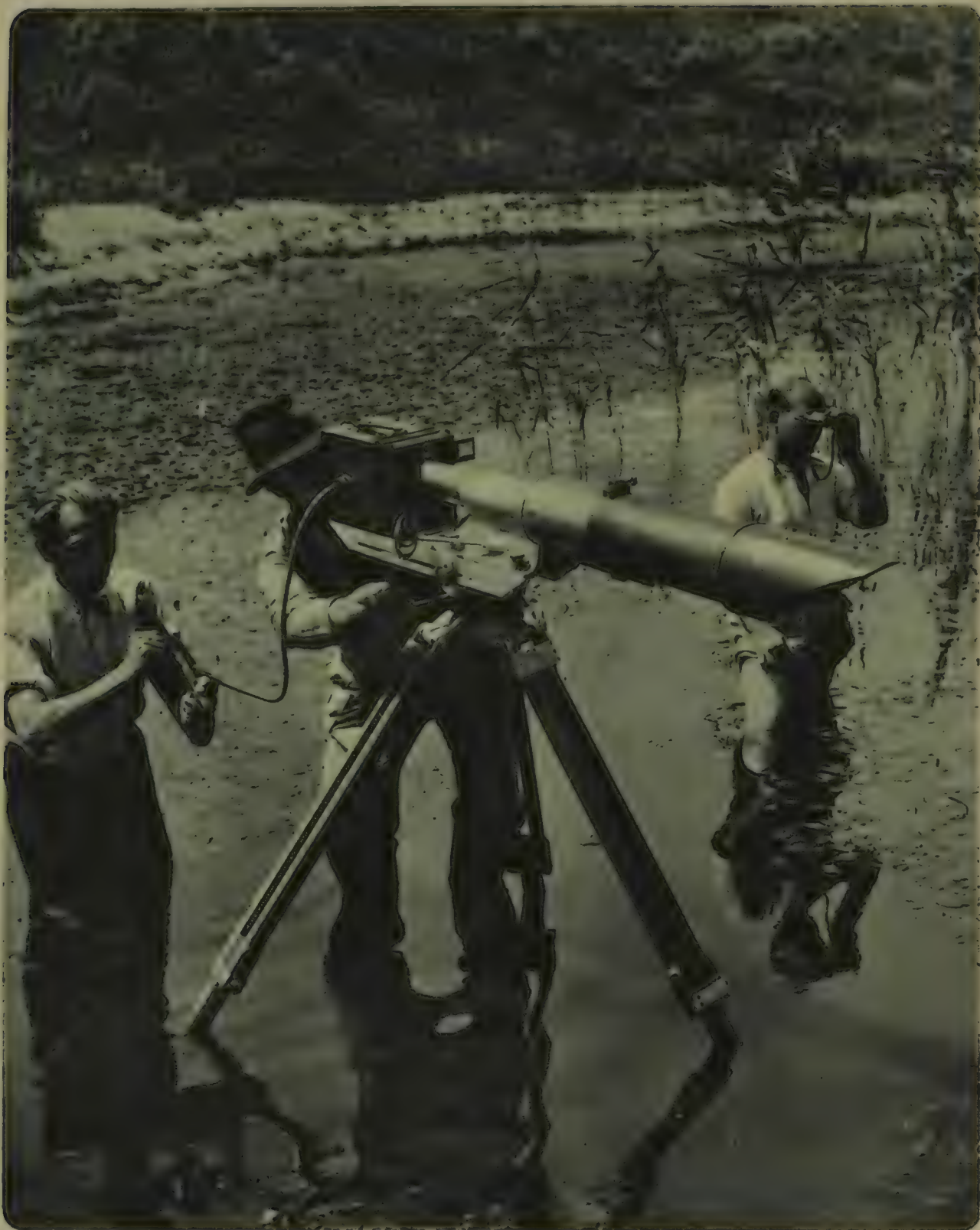


FIG. 14. ONE OF THE IRON SWORDS (WITH BONE SCABBARD-BUTT) FOUND BESIDE CHARRED REMAINS OF FIFTEEN SOLDIERS KILLED BY THE FIRING OF A PERSIAN MINE.



FIG. 15. A SHIELD (THREE TO FOUR FEET HIGH) MADE OF SMALL WOODEN RODS RUN THROUGH A SINGLE PIECE OF LEATHER: A TYPE OF SHIELD WHICH WAS USED TO PROTECT A SOLDIER FROM ARROWS.

another. The discovery of a Persian sap, or mine, dug beneath the circuit wall was especially interesting, since it explained the reason for the great mud-brick walls each side of the stone fortifications. The sap had been supported by beams and planks, many still in place and partly burned. The wall had sunk over six feet when the mine supports were burned, but, owing to the mounds of mud-brick on either side, had remained upright. At the end of the sap were discovered the charred remains of fifteen warriors, evidently suffocated when the mine was fired. Beside them lay their swords, the bosses of their shields, and, among the charred remains, parts of their cuirasses. Between thigh-bone and cuirass in the case of two skeletons were found Roman coins, the men's last pay, which they had kept in pockets underneath their armour. The dates of these pieces will certainly reveal the year of the last and successful Persian attack."



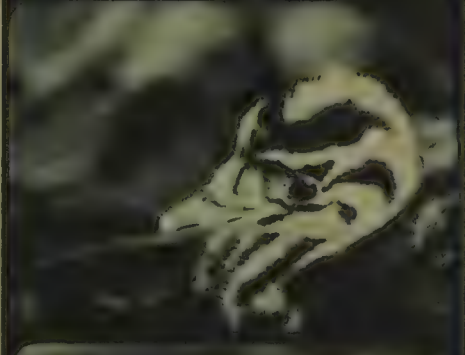
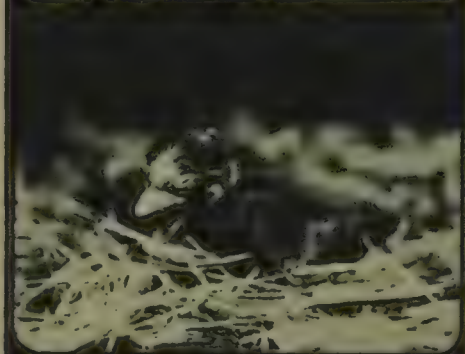
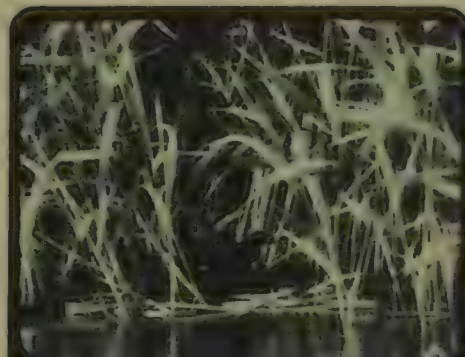
CINEMATOGRAPHING A YOUNG DWARF DIVER WITH THE AID OF A TELEPHOTO LENS—A TASK THAT INVOLVED STANDING IN WATER FOR TWENTY-SEVEN HOURS: THE OPERATOR TURNING A HANDLE TO TRAIN THE CAMERA ON TO THE "SITTER"; WHILE AN ASSISTANT (LEFT) WINDS THE FLEXIBLE DRIVE ACTUATING THE CAMERA MECHANISM.



A REED-WARBLER OCCUPIED IN BUILDING ITS NEST—TAKEN FROM A DISTANCE OF FIFTY-FIVE YARDS: A PICTURE EXTRACTED FROM THE CINEMATOGRAPH FILM.

WILD BIRD LIFE RECORDED BY CINE-TELE PHOTOGRAPHY; AND NATURE SOUNDS ADDED.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WIDE WORLD PHOTOS.



RIGHT: TYPICAL CINE-FILM PHOTOGRAPHS OF YOUNG WATER-FOWL IN THEIR NATURAL STATE: (TOP) A DWARF DIVER; (NEXT TWO) A ONE-DAY-OLD DWARF DIVER IN THE NEST: (NEXT TWO) A CRESTED GREBE THREE DAYS OLD; (LAST) A CRESTED GREBE SIX DAYS OLD.



HERR KÜHNEMANN FILMING A PHASE OF A BIRD'S LIFE THAT MUST BE PHOTOGRAPHED INDOORS—THE HATCHING OF A WILD DUCK: WORK THAT NECESSITATES THE KEEPING OF A CONSTANT WATCH BY DAY AND NIGHT.



PERSUADING A BIRD TO USE ITS VOICE BEFORE THE MICROPHONE (THE SOUND SUBSEQUENTLY SYNCHRONISED WITH THE FILM): HERR KÜHNEMANN HOLDING A LAPWING (NOT AFRAID, HAVING KNOWN HIM SINCE ITS BIRTH).



A WILD DUCKLING SEEN AT THE MOMENT OF ITS EMERGING FROM AN EGG: THE PHOTOGRAPH THAT RESULTED FROM THE FILMING OPERATION SHOWN IN THE ILLUSTRATION IMMEDIATELY ABOVE.

WE illustrate here an interesting method of applying the telephoto lens to cinematography of wild life in its natural state—in these particular instances various kinds of birds. This system, of course, obviates the necessity of constructing a "hide" at close quarters to the objective. Other photographs show a method of recording before the microphone the actual sounds uttered by birds, to be later synchronised with the films. In an explanatory note on these pictures, we read: "Accompanied by the German Commissioner for the protection of Nature, and under the auspices of the Reich Ministry of Food, Herr Arnold Kühnemann, formerly a lecturer at the High School for Agriculture, is engaged in making a Nature-sound record of exceptional interest. The films are made in two versions; one for scientific purposes at universities; the other for popular instruction, to be shown in cinemas. One of Herr Kühnemann's films—that of the paces of the horse—was exhibited in military schools all over the world. He will work for a whole year on a film that may run for only fifteen minutes, while his various investigators have been busy for a year previous to that, studying the animal's habits and conditions of life. A year's hard work for a quarter of an hour's entertainment seems excessive, but the final result is well worthy of the research and labour involved in its preparation." Regarding the upper left-hand photograph, it will be noticed that two operators are necessary for the actual filming of the birds. The chief operator (immediately behind the camera) is fully occupied in keeping it trained on the moving bird, and therefore is unable to turn the crank of the camera. The cranking is done by his assistant, who turns a handle attached to a board and connected to the camera by a flexible drive.



RECORDING THE CURLEW'S VOICE BY MEANS OF THE MICROPHONE: A SYSTEM INTRODUCED BY HERR KÜHNEMANN (RIGHT) FOR USING ACTUAL ANIMAL SOUNDS (INSTEAD OF IMITATIONS) TO BE SYNCHRONISED WITH THE CINE-FILM PHOTOGRAPHS.

ABYSSINIAN BORDER RAIDS; NATIVE LIFE; AND PUNITIVE FORCES LED BY A SYRIAN.



FISH-SPEARING METHODS OF AN ABYSSINIAN RAIDING TRIBE—THE SPEAR (WITH DETACHABLE HEAD) SECURED BY A CORD: ANUAK BOYS IN A DUG-OUT CANOE ON THE AKOBO RIVER.



AN ANUAK CHIEF IN WHOSE PRESENCE WOMEN MUST NOT WALK UPRIGHT: A GROUP SHOWING THIS COURT ETIQUETTE OBSERVED IN A HUMOROUS SPIRIT.



TROOPERS OF THE PUNITIVE FORCE: (L. TO R.) ABYSSINIAN POLICEMAN; AN ABYSSINIAN NATIVE SOLDIER; AN ETHIOPIAN IRREGULAR; AND AN ETHIOPIAN REGULAR.



THE SYRIAN LEADER OF THE PUNITIVE FORCE: THE KANYAZMACH MAJID ABUD, APPOINTED BY THE ETHIOPIAN GOVERNMENT, WITH HIS "ARMOUR-BEARER."



HEREDITARY HEAD-GEAR AMONG A RAIDED SUDAN TRIBE: A BEIR CHIEF WEARING A HAIR HEAD-DRESS HANDED DOWN FROM FATHER TO SON.



ANUAK WOMEN: AN UNMARRIED GIRL (LEFT) WITH PIERCED LOWER LIP; AND A YOUNG MOTHER WITH HER BABY.



THE HEAD CHIEF OF THE BEIR TRIBE, WHO WAS WOUNDED WITH A BULLET IN THE JAW DURING THE RAID: MULI EL NEBI (WITH PIERCED UNDER-LIP).

News arrived recently of a satisfactory sequel to an extensive Abyssinian border raid reported in June, 1932. Sections of the Anuak tribe, from Abyssinia, had raided the Beir tribe, dwelling in the Upper Nile Province of the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan. The raiders killed a number of Beir tribesmen, and carried off women and children, with some 800 head of cattle. In consequence of strong representations by the British and Sudanese Governments, a conference of Sudan and Abyssinian officials was held at Gambella, and the Emperor of Ethiopia, Haile Selassie (formerly known as Ras Tafari), sent a force to punish the raiders and effect restitution. The command of the punitive force was given to a frontier agent, the Kanyazmach

Majid Abud, who is a Syrian, as the Ethiopian authorities themselves, it is said, find the plains unhealthy and prefer to remain in the hills. It was announced on August 23 that Majid Abud's expedition, after many months' work, had been very successful. Out of seventy-three women and children kidnapped, sixty-seven had been restored to their homes, while full compensation had been paid for lives lost and stolen cattle. Our photographs illustrate interesting types and customs both among the raiding and the raided tribes, together with a portrait of the Syrian commander (distinctly "Western" of feature) and typical units of his army. His black "armour-bearer" carried a rifle, bandolier, sword, and shield.

THE CAMERA AS RECORDER: NEWS BY PHOTOGRAPHY.



COLONEL AND MRS. LINDBERGH LANDING AT LERWICK, IN THE COURSE OF THEIR SURVEY OF A NORTH ATLANTIC AIR ROUTE: THEIR AEROPLANE IN THE SHETLANDS. Colonel and Mrs. Lindbergh, who have been prospecting a northern air route between America and Europe, arrived at Lerwick, Shetland Isles, on August 24. They had flown via Greenland, Iceland, and the Faeroes. Colonel Lindbergh made detailed enquiries as to climatic conditions in the Shetlands in winter, giving the impression that, if a service materialised, the islands might provide a junction where British passengers could be picked up. The Lindberghs proceeded to Copenhagen.



A GOAT LEADING HOUNDS AT EXERCISE IN READINESS FOR THE OPENING MEETS: "BILL," THE EARL OF YARBOROUGH'S KENNEL MASCOT, TAKING A FENCE.

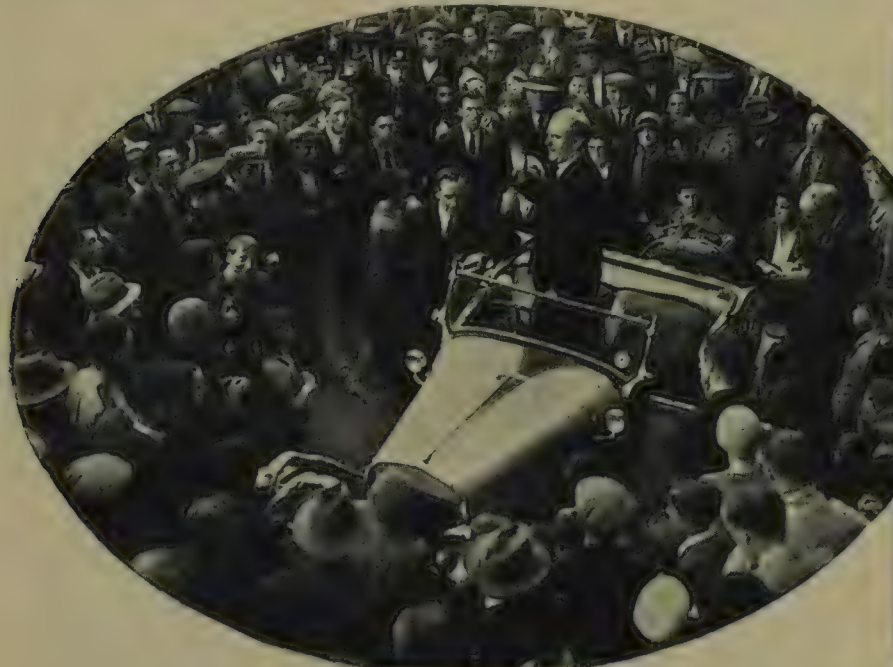
"Bill," the goat mascot at the Earl of Yarborough's kennels, is as keen on hunting as any of the hounds, and makes it his custom to lead the pack at exercise. It would mean a new menace for foxes if they were to be attacked with the horns of a goat and by the pack! "Bill" is a great friend of the hounds—although the photograph suggests a goat-hunt! He is quick off the mark, but not specially remarkable for stamina.



THE PRINCE OF WALES'S ALBERTA RANCH IN MINIATURE: PART OF THE MODEL SHOWN AT THE WORLD'S GRAIN EXHIBITION AND CONFERENCE HELD AT REGINA, CANADA, FROM JULY 24 TO AUGUST 5—WHERE THE SLOGAN WAS "SHOW WHAT YOU GROW AND SHARE WHAT YOU KNOW."

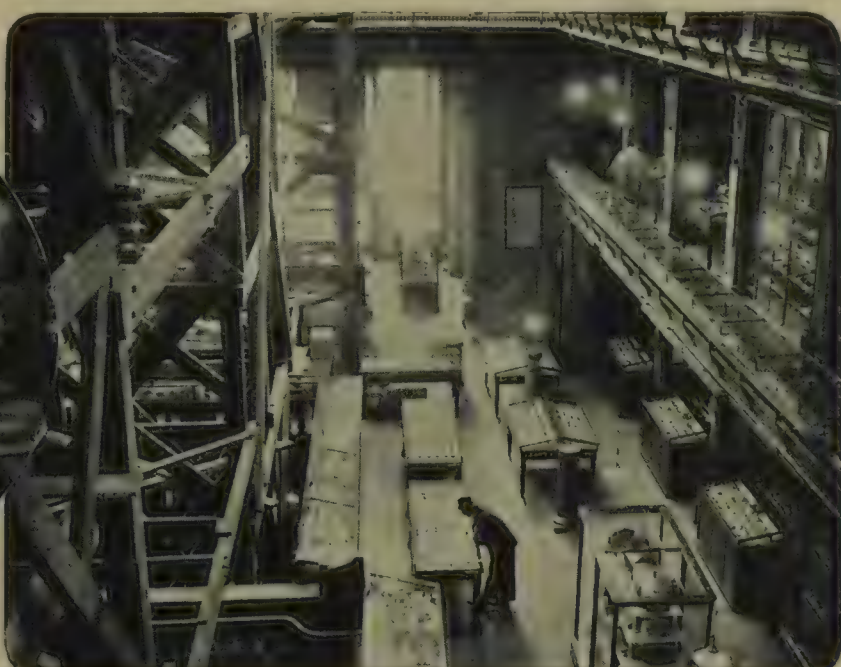
One of the most interesting exhibits at the World's Grain Exhibition and Conference recently held at Regina was this model of the Prince of Wales's cattle ranch in Alberta. Buildings, surroundings, and even the cattle themselves are reproduced in life-like form. Mr. Elliot, Minister of Agriculture, speaking at a luncheon before the Exhibition took place, said that, although the British Ministry of Agriculture were prevented from sending an exhibit to Regina, they would send a delegation

to the Conference, for which they wished the utmost success. The sharing of knowledge and methods of technique was, he said, vital to the success of agriculture throughout the world. It is notable that the Exhibition at Regina was followed, on August 25, by an important wheat agreement signed in London by twenty-two countries—most of the main wheat-importing and exporting countries of the world—with a view to the restoration of a remunerative price level.



BLUE SHIRT MEETINGS STOPPED IN ACCORDANCE WITH MR. DE VALERA'S BAN: GENERAL O'DUFFY SPEAKING FROM HIS MOTOR-CAR AT FERMOY, CO. CORK.

General O'Duffy visited Fermoy on August 24, but the meeting of Blue Shirts arranged for that day was proclaimed by the Government, and was not held. On August 27 General O'Duffy addressed a big meeting at Bandon without interference, but the proposed memorial parade of the National Guard at the tomb of Michael Collins at Bealnabliath was prevented by a cordon of police. Four thousand men, including Mr. E. Blythe, formerly a Free State Minister, wore blue shirts.



A DARING JEWEL THEFT FROM A LONDON MUSEUM: THE GEOLOGICAL SURVEY AND MUSEUM IN JERMYN STREET, FROM WHICH VALUABLE JEWELS WERE STOLEN.

In the early hours of August 25 a raid was made on the Geological Museum in Jermyn Street, where jewels of exceptional rarity are on show. The stolen articles were in show-cases on the second floor of the building, and included yellow sapphires, blue parti-coloured sapphires, chrysoprase sapphires, tourmalines, zircons, a diamond, a gold stone, and a green beryl. Some of the jewels taken are irreplaceable. As the scaffolding indicates, the building has been undergoing repair.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

IN reviewing many books there is considerable scope for appreciating that ancient platitude—*quot homines, tot sententiae*, and for observing the maxim of fair play—"Hear all sides." The multiplicity of sides and opinions, indeed, renders it difficult to sustain any settled convictions, and the mass-reviewer's mind tends to become congested with mutually destructive arguments. Absolute truth is extremely elusive; all depends on the point of view. Two books this week, dealing mainly with post-war conditions, exemplify these divergences.

For some years past, readers of *The Illustrated London News* have been familiar with the political views on current events of a well-known Italian historian, who now discusses the most vital of all world problems in "PEACE AND WAR." By Guglielmo Ferrero. Translated by Bertha Pritchard (Macmillan; 8s. 6d.). The chapters headed Transatlantic Talks originally appeared in our pages in another translation. One is a conversation with a New York banker, who disclaimed the enormous influence attributed to banks; the other is an argument with an American over dinner in a New York "speak-easy" concerning Prohibition. The American regarded its results as evidence that democracy had failed and that in reality no country had less liberty than the United States. The author, on the other hand, urged that the fault was not in democracy, but in their use of it, and his remarks well represent his political creed. "People keep on talking," he said, "about the bankruptcy of the parliamentary system, democracy, and representative government. But look at the world, and you will see that the only governments—republics or monarchies—that have withstood the storm are the old parliamentary, democratic representative governments. The only countries that still have a government to-day are those which, for the last century, have been training their people in good earnest to govern themselves. Our epoch marks the triumph of parliamentary and representative government."

The main contents of the book are four essays dealing respectively with War, Peace, The End of Monarchy, and Paganism and Christianity in the Modern World. Here are expressed the guiding principles which Signor Ferrero has put forward in lectures since he became Professor of History, in 1930, at the University of Geneva and the Institut Universitaire des Hautes Etudes Internationales. As our readers well know, he brings to the study of international politics great resources of historical knowledge and a keen insight into the causes and effects of political movements. These qualities, combined with a power of lucid exposition and large generalisation, make the book a contribution to the study of modern Europe which demands the attention both of statesmen and the public. The two first essays traverse the whole question of war and the fear of its recurrence, which has become a widespread obsession. The author contrasts the restricted warfare of the eighteenth century, "a kind of game between sovereigns," with the vast national wars, originated by the French Revolution and Napoleon, involving whole populations. His chief contention is that Europe now needs at least fifty years of peace, and that all other international questions should be subordinated to that vital end. As a means of securing it, he suggests co-operation between Britain, Germany, France, and the United States.

Signor Ferrero emphasises the world's debt to Christianity for liberating it from tyranny. "All the greatness of the white races," he says, "comes from that sublime Judæo-Christian idea whose light was shed over the world from Palestine through the agency of the Bible and the great teachers of the Pharisees." He sees in the Renaissance a revival of paganism, which, in modern times, has grown into an unconscious dualism. "There are two races," he declares, "in every country—the Judæo-Christians and the Græco-Romans, and most of our troubles spring from opposition between them." Thus he proceeds to a powerful indictment of modern paganism and its fruits in tyranny, violence and brutality, and the influence of money on politics and intellectual life. "Let us take care," he concludes, "not to fall back into the region of terror and slavery. . . . Let us always remember that Christianity . . . is the negation of war."

Although Signor Ferrero's book was apparently written before the Nazi revolution in Germany, his sympathetic allusions to the German Republic, which he regrets to see threatened by "armed factions," hardly suggests that he is

a devotee of Hitlerism. Hence I am conscious of a distinct change of standpoint in a book that extols Hitler and all his works, denounces the Jews, and declares the inefficacy of parliamentary government. This book is "METEOR." By Lieut.-Colonel Graham Seton Hutchison, D.S.O., M.C., with thirty-five Illustrations (Hutchinson; 18s.). As with the author's previous works—"Warrior" and "Foot-slogger," the title has a personal significance, which he is careful to explain, but it does not cover the scope of a somewhat bulky volume. No single word, however, could well epitomise this very heterogeneous, though brilliant, miscellany. In fact, it contains material for two or three books—one on post-war Germany and the change in British feeling towards her; one on India, arising out of the author's scholastic adventure there; and one on political and social conditions at home. Besides these, there would probably be enough left over for a collection of essays on various disconnected subjects.

He has evidently felt something of the sort himself, for he defends the diversity of subject, and also prepares his readers for controversy by suggesting the alternative title of "Hornet's Nest." The book is animated by a spirit of patriotism, brotherhood, and high ideals, and it pours a stream of fresh thought on every theme. My only regret is to find here and there a touch of bitterness towards France. I am all for reconciliation with former foes, so long as it does not involve estrangement from old friends and the fanning of new animosities. Yet, as one who fought the Germans hard for four years, the author has, of course, the right to speak his mind. A concluding Epilogue announces a new scheme for the regeneration of our own country—The National Workers Movement. Like the frontispiece portrait of the author, it has a certain Hitleresque quality, urging, among other things, the failure of electoral democracy; and it ends, on a slightly megaphonic note, in a series of impassioned slogans declaring the Mission of the British Race.

The megaphone, literally and metaphorically, has become almost a necessity in these days when everything is done on a big scale—big empires, big nations, big movements and big business. Nothing can be achieved without invoking the gods of publicity, and the trumpet—whether it be one's own private instrument or that of some enterprise or institution—must be blown with no uncertain sound. Hence comes the enormous importance of advertising in our modern world, a fact abundantly proved of late by the Advertising Exhibition at Olympia, which, I notice, is to be followed shortly by an international Advertising Convention in Rome and Milan. This brings me to a book by no means big itself, but containing the concentrated essence of big ideas, namely, "BRASSTACKS." The Case for Sanity in Advertising. By Geo. S. Royds. Foreword by Tom Clarke, Editor, *News-Chronicle* (Ivor Nicholson & Watson; 5s.). The author is the Managing Director of G. S. Royds, Ltd., the well-known advertising service firm in the Strand.

Perhaps some readers might think that the subject is not one which promises much entertainment, and that such a book is likely to be dull, stodgy, and commercial. Here, however, they would be quite wrong, for what Mr. Royds has written is no heavy statistical treatise, but a bright and chatty little book telling briefly the personal story of his advertising work since the war, and his association with many "captains of industry." He lets us into the secrets of several well-known advertising schemes—among others the origin of "Friday Night is Amami Night"—and the genesis of various symbolic figures familiar on posters and other pictorial advertisements. At the same time he assesses the selling value of different advertising styles and slogans, indicating his own preference for the plain and direct method, and his dislike of the ultra-aesthetic modern manner in copywriting. His remarks on patent medicines remind me of Mr. Ponderevo, who, when raised to the peerage through successful handling of the British Pharmacopœia, resented the suggestion that he should take the title of Lord Tono of Bungay.

Although we may not all of us be advertisers, we are all collectively the cause that advertising is in other men. It is our reactions to an advertisement that the advertiser has constantly to bear in mind. He must be a practical psychologist, or, as Mr. Royds puts it, "You've got to understand people firstly, lastly and all the time." As one of the objectives of the advertiser's angling, I am interested to learn how he baits his hook, and from that point of view I find this forthright account of an advertiser's adventures both revealing and amusing. For business people who look at the matter from the other end, the book should be more than amusing, for it teems with valuable hints from one who is obviously a master-hand at the game.

I had intended to say something about certain other books more or less kindred in subject to the two with which I began, and illustrating the point that opinions differ, with special reference to the war. As it is, however, space forbids. The works in question are—"CONCISE LUDENDORFF MEMOIRS." 1914-1918. By General Ludendorff (Hutchinson; 12s. 6d.); "FROM MONS TO 1933." By Captain Gerald Lowry (Simpkin Marshall; 5s.); "FLOTILLAS. A Hard-lying Story. By Captain Lionel Dawson, R.N. (Rich and Cowan; 12s. 6d.); and "THE LUDWIGS OF BAVARIA." By Henry Channon (Methuen; 7s. 6d.). To these books I hope to return in the near future.

C. E. B.

To Our Readers and Photographers at Home and Abroad.

"THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" has always been famed for its treatment of the various branches of Science. Its archæological articles and illustrations are known throughout the world, and its pages dealing with Natural History and Ethnology are of equal value. These and other subjects are dealt with in our pages in a more extensive way than in any other illustrated weekly journal. We take this opportunity, therefore, of urging our readers to forward to us photographs of interest in these branches of Science.

Few people visiting the less-known parts of the world fail to equip themselves with cameras, and we wish to inform explorers and others who travel that we are glad to consider photographs which show curious customs of various nationalities, civilised and uncivilised, their sports, habits, and costumes; in fact, anything of a little-known or unusual character.

We are very pleased to receive also photographs dealing with Natural History in all its branches, especially those which are of a novel description. Our pages deal thoroughly with unfamiliar habits of birds, animals, fishes, and insects.

To Archæologists we make a special appeal to send us the results of recent discoveries.

In addition, we are glad to consider photographs or rough sketches illustrating important events throughout the world; but such contributions should be forwarded by the quickest possible route, immediately after the events.

We welcome contributions and pay well for all material accepted for publication.

When illustrations are submitted, each subject sent should be accompanied by a suitable description.

Contributions should be addressed to: The Editor, *The Illustrated London News*, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2.

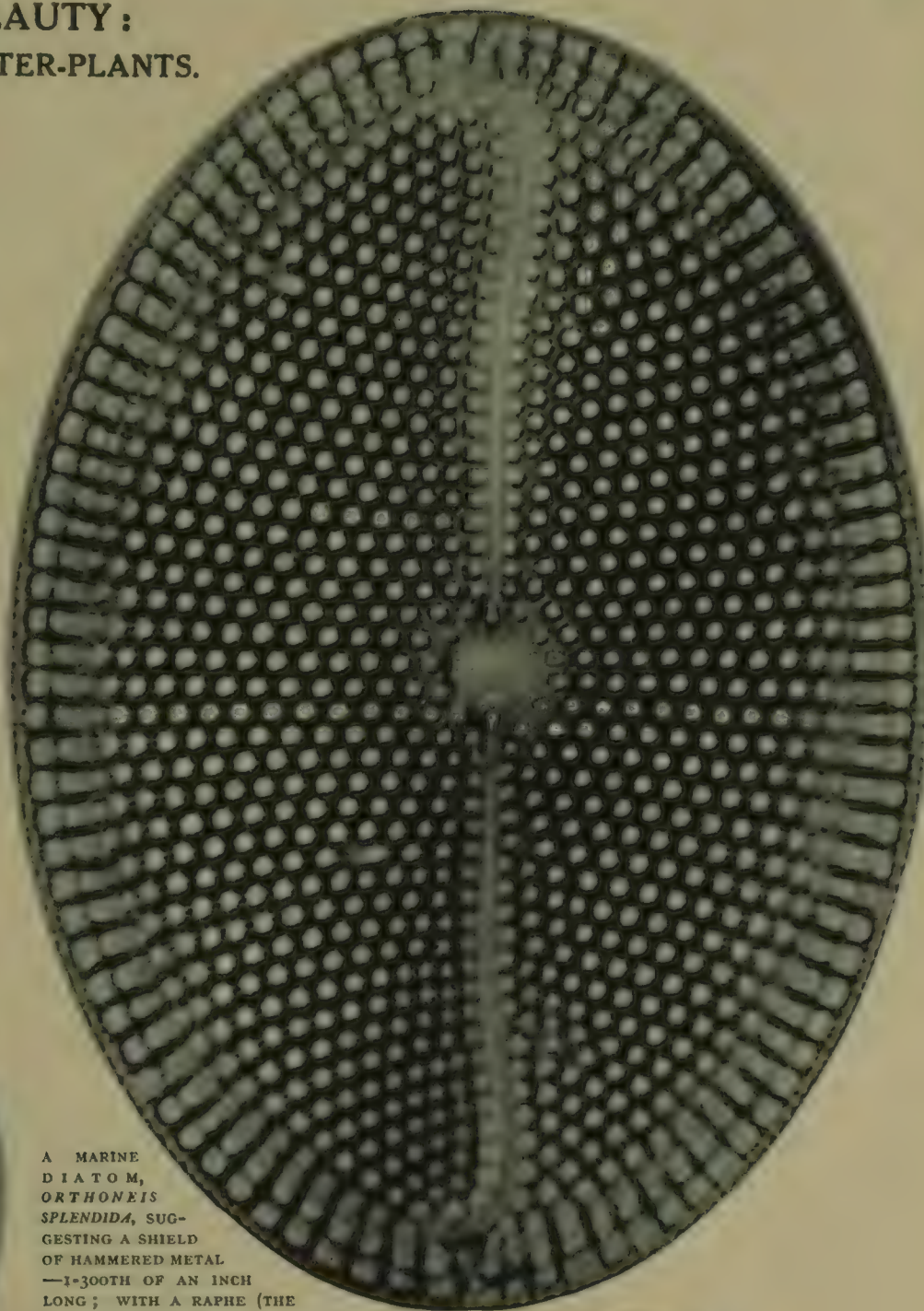
Regarding politics, I think the following passage, from the chapter on Aristocratic Leadership, may fairly be taken as typical of the author's attitude. "The regenerated forms of German or Italian government are, therefore, at once the truest, the purest, and the highest form of National expression. Their opponents are to be found chiefly in the ranks of moth-eaten Liberalism, which, while bleating of individual liberty and rights, cares nothing for citizen duties and has well-nigh strangled British citizenship with a mesh of intolerable legislation directed against personal liberty. They love to suggest that the Fascism of Italy or of Germany find their counterpart in the Bolshevism of Russia. This is absurd. The Bolshevik rule, that of Communism, is autocratic minority rule, and it is class rule. This is the tyrannical rule of the Jewish Oligarchy. . . . There is no analogy whatever."

Throughout Colonel Hutchison's book there is a thread of personal experience and impressions, which constitutes its bond of unity. It is all extremely interesting, provocative, and abounding with zeal and energy, but withal a trifle bewildering in its changes of scene. I am inclined to think that division into separate works would have made for easier reading and increased the force of its appeal.

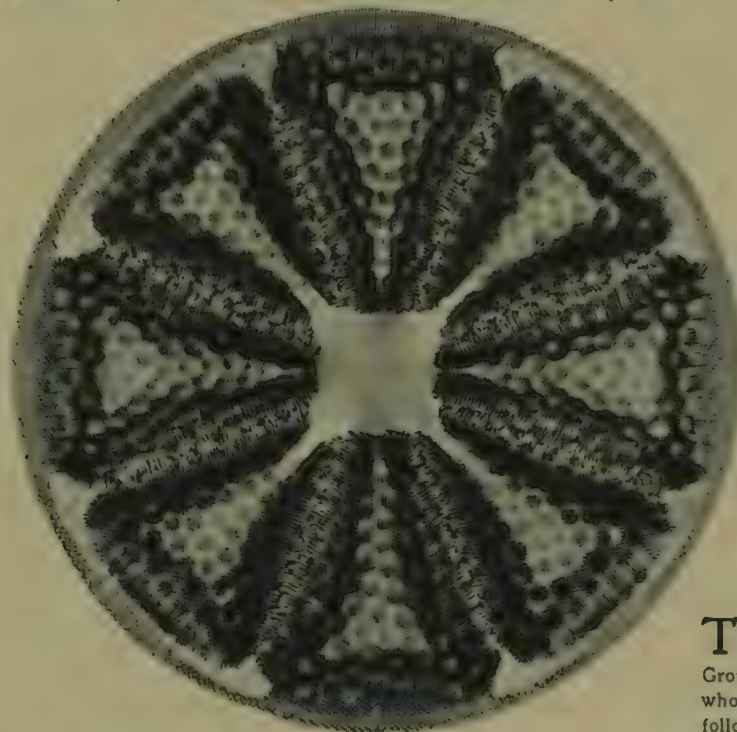
DIATOMS IN ALL THEIR BEAUTY: EXQUISITE PATTERNS ON MINUTE WATER-PLANTS.



A MARINE DIATOM, 1-200TH OF AN INCH ACROSS, CALLED *ARACHNOIDISCUS* FROM ITS LIKENESS TO A SPIDER'S WEB, OFTEN FOUND IN IMPORTED FOODSTUFFS: A FORM THAT GROWS ATTACHED TO A SEAWEED WHICH, WHEN DRIED, IS MUCH USED IN THE EAST FOR SOUPS AND JELLIES.



A MARINE DIATOM, *ORTHONEIS SPLENDIDA*, SUGGESTING A SHIELD OF HAMMERED METAL—1-300TH OF AN INCH LONG; WITH A RAPHE (THE CENTRAL CURVED CLEFT) WHICH IS RELATED TO THE MYSTERIOUS POWER OF MOVEMENT.



A NORTH AMERICAN SPECIES, *ACTINOPTYCHUS HELIOPENETA*—A DIATOM WITH A VALVE DIAMETER OF 1-130TH OF AN INCH: THE INTERIOR PLATE, MOUNTED IN A DIFFERENT MEDIUM TO CONTRAST WITH ANOTHER PHOTOMICROGRAPH OF THE SAME SPECIES, SHOWN BELOW.



ACTINOPTYCHUS HELIOPENETA—THE FACE OF THE COMPLETE VALVE: A DIATOM WITH A RING OF DOUBLE "HORNS," OR SPINES, ROUND ITS RIM; AND HAVING AN UNDULATORY SURFACE.

THESE astonishing photomicrographs were taken by Group-Captain C. F. A. Portal, who furnishes with them the following very interesting description: "Diatoms are minute, single-celled plants, generally from 1-100th to 1-500th of an inch in size, to be found in countless billions in salt and fresh water in all parts of the world. There are upwards of 10,000 species known to-day, and many resemble in the minutest detail their ancestors whose fossil remains are found in the deposits of the Tertiary period. Each plant consists of two plates or 'valves' of siliceous enclosing the living protoplasm between them. The elaborate and often very beautiful markings which cover the valves are made by inconceivably minute, regular perforations, through which the organisms are believed to derive their sustenance from the surrounding water. The smallness of these openings may be better comprehended if it is realised that there would be room on the head of an ordinary small pin for no fewer than two million of the apertures, which appear as black or white dots on the middle left-hand photograph. Ever since the invention of microscopes made them visible, these markings, in their infinite variety, have been a source of wonder and delight to microscopists. Apart from their beauty, diatoms are of immense practical value. In life they form, directly or indirectly, a large part of the basic food of all living things: in death, their indestructible skeletons, deposited as 'diatom earth' on the beds of long-vanished lakes, are used in the manufacture of commodities as various as tooth-paste, filters, tiles, metal polish, and dynamite. A remarkable characteristic of many diatoms is their power of rapid movement, which caused some early observers to regard them as animals and has not yet been completely explained."



ONE OF THE MOST ELABORATE AND BEAUTIFUL OF ALL DIATOMS, ABOUT EIGHTY OF WHICH WOULD HAVE PLENTY OF ROOM ON THE HEAD OF AN ORDINARY PIN: *ACTINOPTYCHUS GLABRATUS*, A VALVE, WHEN PLACED ON CLEAN GLASS, BARELY VISIBLE TO THE UNAIDED EYE.

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



CONQUEROR OF MRS. HELEN WILLS MOODY:
MISS HELEN JACOBS.

Mrs. Helen Wills Moody, the tennis champion, was defeated for the first time since 1926, when, on August 26, she was forced to retire against Miss Helen Jacobs in the final of the American Ladies' Singles Championship. The score was then 8-6, 3-6, 3-0 in favour of Miss Jacobs.



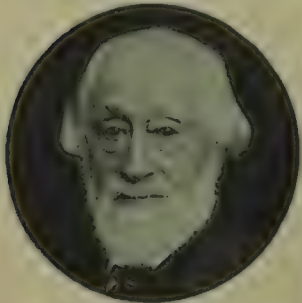
SIR JAMES BARRIE OPENING A BAZAAR AT KIRRIEMUIR.

On August 26 Sir J. M. Barrie, O.M., opened a bazaar on behalf of the town band at his native Kirriemuir, Forfarshire, the town that he has immortalised as "Thrums." After his opening speech Sir James announced that he would turn auctioneer. He auctioned a clarinet once owned by the founder of the band in aid of the band funds, and, buying it himself for £50, presented it to Kirriemuir.



WINNER OF THE BOYS' GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP: P. B. LUCAS, OF STOWE SCHOOL.

P. B. Lucas, a left-handed golfer from Stowe School, beat W. A. McLachlan on August 26 in the final of the Boys' Championship over thirty-six holes at Carnoustie. The margin of victory was four and three. He is the first English boy to win the Championship since E. Fiddian in 1927.



SIR PHILIP MAGNUS, BT.

M.P. (Conservative) for London University, 1906-1922; and a Fellow of the University and a Member of the Senate, 1898-1931. Died August 29; aged ninety. Well known as an editor of scientific books.



THE ROYAL HOUSE-PARTY AT HAREWOOD HOUSE, YORKSHIRE: BACK ROW (L. TO R.)—SIR BRYAN GODFREY-FAUSSET, H.R.H. PRINCE GEORGE, MR. FRANK MITCHELL (ASST. PRIVATE SECRETARY), SIR E. HILTON YOUNG (MINISTER IN ATTENDANCE), SIR GUY GRAHAM, LORD IRWIN. FRONT ROW—LADY BERTHA DAWKINS (LADY-IN-WAITING), LADY IRWIN, H.M. THE QUEEN, LORD HAREWOOD, H.M. THE KING, AND LADY GRAHAM. This interesting group was taken during the recent visit of their Majesties to Harewood House, in the course of which the King opened the new Civic Hall at Leeds.—[Photo. Bacon, Leeds.]



SIR PATRICK RAMSAY, K.C.M.G.

Appointed Minister to Hungary, in succession to Lord Chilton, who has been promoted Ambassador to the U.S.S.R. Entered the Diplomatic Service in 1904; and became Minister at Athens in 1929.



MAJOR ROBERT MITCHELL, C.B.E.

Vice-President of the Polytechnic, Regent Street, with which he was associated for sixty-two years. Helped to found the institution, and was its secretary from 1872 to 1891. Died August 27; aged seventy-eight.



LORD MOYNE.

Escaped from drowning, with all his guests and crew, when his yacht, "Roussalka" (1447 tons), struck a rock in a fog off the coast of Galway on August 25 and sank. All landed safely in the boats.



THE KING IN SCOTLAND: HIS MAJESTY ACKNOWLEDGING THE ROYAL SALUTE AT BALLATER STATION; WITH PRINCE GEORGE (RIGHT), AND LORD ABERDEEN.

At the completion of his visit to Harewood House, Yorkshire, the King, accompanied by Prince George, travelled to Balmoral Castle, arriving there on August 24. His Majesty took a special train from Harrogate to Ballater, where the Marquess of Aberdeen and Temair (Lord Lieutenant of Aberdeenshire) was present to meet him at the station. The Queen left Harewood House for Balmoral on August 28.



MR. R. B. BENNETT (RIGHT) RETURNING TO CANADA: THE CANADIAN PRIME MINISTER WELL PLEASED WITH THE RESULTS OF THE WORLD WHEAT CONFERENCE.

Mr. R. B. Bennett, the Prime Minister of Canada, left London on August 26 on his return to Canada. His stay in this country was concluded by the agreement reached by twenty-two nations on August 25 at the Wheat Conference, of which he was Chairman. He expressed himself as eminently satisfied with the results there achieved. He was present, too, throughout the World Economic Conference.

GOWNS

for the
informal occasion

Advance Models for the Autumn Season are now ready for customers' inspection.

Special Between-Seasons' Prices prevail in order to keep our workrooms busy during August. In the Tea Gown Salon a special feature is made of Gowns for the figure of fuller proportions.

These Models are designed on long, slimming lines.



A becoming shape for the larger head in handsome "Butterfly" Chenille.

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A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

THE HEIGHT OF SOPHISTICATION.

By FRANK DAVIS.

THESE things are, in a way, familiar enough objects in modern life, because they—or rather their equivalents—are to be found in every milliner's window. They are hat- or, more accurately, cap-

stands, and in their variety, intricacy, ingenuity and luxury serve to illustrate as well as is possible outside a large treatise the extraordinary achievement of Chinese civilisation in giving to quite common and work-a-day utensils good form, beautiful colour, and a fine style. Of these five photographs the first is of carved lacquer, the second of porcelain, the fourth of cloisonné enamel, and the fifth of jade; the third, also of jade, is not so certainly a cap-stand, for it has no large rounded top, but it may be one, and comes in here appositely enough because it is constructed rather in the manner of the enamel example. Further search would doubtless

masses with uncommonly little decoration, and the same illuminating jargon can very well be applied to small things as well as big. The essence of a stand is merely a little pole with a bump at the top, but whereas our modern craftsmen would presumably produce something terribly austere and shiny in nickel, such was not the Chinese way. I suppose both Figs. 1 and 2 are to be dated about 1700, and I leave you to imagine what scrolls and twists and cornucopias and classical emblems a contemporary European craftsman might well have seen fit to adorn a cap-stand of his own imagination. The Chinaman seems to me to have produced something in each case as practical as any modern could imagine without in the least departing from those strict canons of good taste which seem to have been inherent in his character. (By the way, I have just been reminded of the similarity between Fig. 2 and that tantalising toy fashionable at the Court of Henri III. of France, known as a

of good luck, and this creature is also to be seen in the example of Fig. 2.) It has sometimes been said that all the decorative arts come from China—here, at any rate, is one notable technique which was an importation, but to which this amazing people gave an easy perfection unsurpassed in the continent of its origin.

If you are very very austere and intellectual you will perhaps be of the same opinion as the Chinese gentleman who wrote in the fifteenth century that enamel is "only fit for use in the ladies' inner apartments, being too gaudy for the libraries of scholars of simple tastes"; the same learned man would no doubt have found nearly all later Chinese porcelain equally distressing, whereas it is just this marvellous range of colour that endears it to the modern critic. Argument apart, here, at any rate, is an excellent example of how the eighteenth-century Chinaman brought to an entrancing perfection the technique of enamelling on copper, which had originally been introduced to his country, perhaps at second or third hand, by wandering artisans from Constantinople flung homeless and penniless into a harsh world after the capture of the city in 1453 by the Turks. Buddhism had found a welcome centuries before, and now came a minor art, to prove once again that the Forbidden Kingdom was not wholly immune to outside influence. With the intricate and delicate green and white jade of Fig. 5 the Chinaman was on his own ground, an acknowledged and unsurpassed master. It has often been remarked that by the eighteenth century the artisan was beginning to

lose his fine sense of form, and was inclined to pay more attention to ingenious decorative effect than to those subtler harmonies of rhythm and balance which can make or mar a work of art—that he was, in short, from his mere technical ability tempted to emulate the tricks of a designer of wedding cakes rather than submit to more sober canons of taste. It has less often been pointed out how, even at his most baroque, he has invariably managed to curb his exuberance so that the result, however rich, does preserve a nice balance between the extravagant and the austere—a point which seems to me to be adequately illustrated by this remarkable piece.

As to Fig. 3, it may have no practical use whatever.

1. A COMMONPLACE DOMESTIC ARTICLE AS A CONSUMMATE WORK OF ART—THANKS TO A CHINESE CRAFTSMAN: A CHINESE CAP-STAND IN CARVED RED LACQUER; DECORATED WITH MINUTELY REALISTIC FOLIAGE.

Reproduction by Courtesy of Messrs. Spink and Son, King Street, S.W.1.

reveal other specimens made of different material—there is a bronze stand in the Musée Guimet in Paris, for example, and another—rather clumsy in form—of lacquered porcelain is at South Kensington and is illustrated in the catalogue. But those reproduced here are sufficient for my purpose, which is not so much to discover how many sorts of cap-stands exist, as to point out that no other people in the world would have lavished so much pains upon, or given so much thought to, the design and decoration of so ordinary an object. We have long since become accustomed to what is called the purely "functional" aspect of architecture which expresses itself in our modern buildings in terms of well-balanced



4. ANOTHER CHINESE CAP-STAND WHICH EMBODIES THE BAT MOTIF—IN THIS CASE THE ANIMALS BEING USED AS SUPPORTERS OF THE PILLAR, WITH THEIR WINGS OUTSPREAD: AN EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY EXAMPLE IN BLUE, RED, AND YELLOW CLOISONNÉ ENAMEL.

Reproduction by Courtesy of C. Collier and Co.



2. ONE OF A PAIR OF BLANC DE CHINE SOFT PASTE CAP-STANDS (C. 1700): A PHOTOGRAPH TO SHOW THE DECORATION OF THE SURFACE—BATS (EMBLEMS OF GOOD LUCK) CARRYING OBJECTS IN THEIR MOUTHS.

bilboquet—a ball with a hole in it attached by a string to an upright—the game consists in giving the ball a twist and making it fall back on to the spike at the top of the support. I believe this toy is still sometimes to be found in nursery circles across the Channel.)

The carved lacquer example of Fig. 1 was in the Lacquer Exhibition at Spink's in 1925, and is a splendid example of this characteristic Chinese technique, and is decorated with beautifully observed foliage; Fig. 2, in *blanc de Chine* porcelain, is covered over its whole surface with a low relief of clouds and dragons. I may perhaps be allowed to remind readers of this page that lac is not a warm liquid which can be worked as a silversmith handles his metal, but a hard substance that must be carved cold.

Fig. 4, in cloisonné enamel, owes much of its great attraction to the device of the bats with extended wings which do so much to lighten the central pillar. (The bat is the emblem



5. A CHINESE CAP-STAND IN WHICH THE ORIGINAL "FUNCTIONAL" SIMPLICITY OF THE HOMELY OBJECT HAS BECOME OVERLAIN WITH ORNAMENT AND SOMEWHAT IRRELEVANT EMBELLISHMENTS: FINE EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY WORKMANSHIP IN TRANSPARENT GREEN AND WHITE JADE.

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3. A BEAUTIFUL CHINESE OBJECT OF LIGHT GREEN JADE—PROBABLY A CAP-STAND: A FINE EXAMPLE OF A TECHNIQUE WHICH HAS BEEN ONE OF THE GREATEST CHINESE CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE SUM OF BEAUTY AND ELEGANCE.

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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

By H. THORNTON RUTTER.

NEW models are succeeding each other rapidly every day. Last week, Austin produced their novelties; this week, Singer and Wolseley have brought their 1934 cars before the public. So simple are the new machines that motorists will have practically nothing to do but steer the car, use the accelerator pedal, and put on the brakes when necessary. Otherwise gear-changing is a thing of the past as far as manual control is concerned, everything being practically automatic. The Singer cars "came out" at Grosvenor House, Park Lane, London, W.1, on Monday, Aug. 21. Their great novelty was the Singer pre-selected clutchless gear-change, offered on all the de luxe 1934 models, and also optionally, but at an extra charge, on all other models. By means of the remote-control operating lever, any gear can be pre-selected at any time while the car is in motion, and, except from rest, the use of the clutch pedal is entirely obviated. The operation of changing gear consists merely of placing the gear-lever into the desired position, accompanied by an easing of the accelerator pedal. When the accelerator pedal is again depressed, the car goes away smoothly in the pre-selected gear. Needless to say, this gear-change will be as silent in the hands of a beginner as that made by experts on the old-fashioned clutch change.

Six models, giving seventeen choices of varieties in coachwork, are the complete programme of the Singer Company for 1934. And an excellent display of cars was exhibited at Grosvenor House. Economy has always been the keynote of Singer productions, but the 1934 models claim to show further considerable saving in petrol consumption, owing to the action of the free-wheel mechanism. The action of the free-wheel can be suspended at any desired moment by the pulling out of a control knob on the dash-board. This converts the entire mechanism into the usual clutch and gear-box arrangement. The successful engine suspension introduced last year, the vibro-damper, still remains, as well as the type of steering which has proved so popular on the 1933 Singer models. The models offered to the public for 1934 comprise the Singer "Nine," "Twelve," "Fourteen,"

1½ litre, 2 litre, and "Silent Six." All models are fitted with a Lucas direction indicator. The same attractive features of the 1933 coachwork are retained on the new models, with the added distinction afforded by a bolder and more graceful sweep of the front wings, and the artistic manner in which they meet the running-boards.

New Singers : Popular Models.

The Singer "Nine" is supplied with either a two- or four-seater touring body at £162 10s., as well as a six-light saloon which, with sliding roof, safety-glass windscreen, winding windows, real walnut capping, among other details, is remarkable value at this price, and costs £175 2s. if provided with a clutchless gear-change. There is also a 9-h.p. sports chassis, fitted with a four-seater touring body, at £185, as well as an attractive coupé priced at £199. The Singer "Twelve" model is also supplied with a four-seater touring or a saloon body at the same price of £199, with an extra charge of £12 12s. if clutchless gear-change is fitted.

The de luxe model, at £225 complete, is equipped with this no-trouble gear-change. This 12 h.p. has a four-cylinder side-valve engine. The 14-h.p. Singer, however, has overhead valves, overhead camshafts, and a four-bearing crankshaft. Its cost, with either de luxe saloon or Continental saloon, is £259. Personally, I like this model best of all out of the Singer range, as it has remarkable acceleration, good maximum speed, and the running costs should be fairly low. The 1½-litre Singer has a six-cylinder engine. With coupé body this model costs £325, also with an overhead-valved engine. An extra charge of £10 10s. is made for fitting the pre-selected clutchless gear-change on this model. The other two types of Singer cars available to the public are the Singer 2-litre saloon, costing £295, and the Singer "Silent Six," rated at 17.9 h.p., with saloon body, costing £395. Both these models are fitted with pre-selected gear-change.

Pedomatic Starting : New Wolseley Cars.

Sir William Morris announced the new programme of Wolseley cars for 1934 at an agents and dealers' convention at the works at Ward End, Birmingham, on Aug. 24. The surprise was a new four-cylinder 9-h.p. car selling at £179 for the

saloon model, with "pedomatic" engine starting, synchro-mesh gear-box, and overhead-valved 1018-c.c. engine. It is a neat little car, and the pedomatic starting device is a novelty. This arrangement starts the engine from rest when the accelerator pedal is depressed, but does not take effect while the engine is running. All the 1934 Wolseley cars have easy-to-change gear-boxes, while the new "Sixteen" and 21-h.p. County models have free wheels, automatic clutches, bigger brakes, Startix engine-starters, direction indicators, and, of course, Triplex glass. A battery master-switch to cut off any chance of the electrical connections starting a fire is a new fitting to all the 1934 Wolseleys, irrespective of horsepower. Besides the 12-h.p. "Hornet" saloon, whose specification is very similar to the new 9 h.p., there is a new free-wheel "Hornet" listed at £215, with underslung chassis and saloon coachwork, and a sports "Hornet" fitted with two carburettors and a "hotted-up" engine.

No advance in price has been made for the standard "Hornet" saloon, which remains at £198 10s., but the new 16-h.p. model now costs £330 for the saloon, in place of £325 for the 1933 pattern. As this is only an extra £5 for a car in which the driver never has to use the clutch to change gear, has a gear-box on which a child can alter the ratio at any road speed silently, and many other improved features, one can say that it is really cheaper than the past season's models. The 21-h.p. "County" saloons are now priced at £415, a rise of £20 for the added safety and simplified driving-controls similar to the "Sixteen," but this model has two spare wheels included. It is an extremely handsome carriage, well appointed, and offered with a wide range of colour schemes for the purchaser to choose from.

Naturally, the new "Nine" will cater for a wider market of users, especially as it is very distinguished-looking, but all the Wolseley range of vehicles give their owner an opportunity of indulging in effortless driving, so simple are the controls. In fact, these are practically automatic, so the novice can handle the cars as well as the expert driver; while the underslung chassis, improved hydraulic brakes, and careful balancing has given the 1934 cars a greater standard of safety on the road by their steadiness of running.



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lemon every morning upon arising. It is well to add to this a tablespoonful of Kutnow's Saline Powder, for this improves the action of both the water and lemon juice. Kutnow's Powder is a famous natural saline-alkaline aperient that has been used for years to reduce acidity and combat putrefaction in the gastro-intestinal canal. It makes a delightful effervescent drink that anyone will relish.

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THE SCHLIEFFEN CASE.

(Continued from Page 360.)

in history would appear to have been Ras Alula, the general in command of the Abyssinian forces at Adowa. Ras Alula succeeded where Hannibal and Napoleon failed: with a *Vernichtungsschlacht* lasting one day, he solved a vital problem for his country. Thanks to the battle of Adowa, the Ethiopian empire has lived for forty years unmolested by the imperialistic ambitions of the West. But the Ras achieved that tremendous result because the base of his adversary's operations was in another continent. If Italy had been in the neighbourhood of Abyssinia, Ras Alula, like Napoleon, would have been obliged to destroy, after the first army, a second, a third, a fourth, until breaking-point.

But there is another objection common sense should have raised a century ago against the doctrines of Clausewitz and his disciples—that in war destruction is reciprocal. The eighteenth century had realised that full well. According to Clausewitz, the perfect battle is that in which the victor completely destroys the vanquished. Granted; but in what state is the victor going to find himself after the battle? Total destruction was all very well for the whites, fighting with rifles and machine-guns, against savages armed with arrows and spears. Between peoples using the same weapons it is impossible to destroy the opponent without exposing one's self to an equivalent destruction. Obviously, the stronger must survive the weaker; but how, if he himself is in a moribund condition? The strategists of the nineteenth century laughed at the eighteenth century, which tried hard to reduce the losses on both sides to a minimum; but they did not notice that Clausewitz's doctrine turned war into a kind of double suicide.

A third weakness in Count Schlieffen's doctrine is to leave no room for peace. For him war has one supreme object, which is to beat the opponent. In the choice of means to achieve that end the war-maker is absolute master. But what is to happen after the enemy has been beaten is a question that has nothing to do with the war-maker. There the statesman and the diplomat step in. That division of work between warriors and diplomats would be perfect, if the possibility of making peace did not depend also on the manner of making war. The eighteenth century had realised that vital bond between war and peace, and that is why it made such a point of the necessity of not making war by too treacherous or cruel means. Treachery and cruelty of means exasperate minds and multiply the difficulties of peace. Since 1914 the history of the world is nothing but a signal, tragic, and almost apocalyptic confirmation of that simple truth, of which the nineteenth century had lost the notion.

Generations can make mistakes, like individuals. Doctrines and methods of warfare are constantly changing. It is not in the least strange that Clausewitz's conception, in spite of its errors and dangers, should have imposed itself for half a century on the Western world and led it into the World War. But in the last twenty years the errors and dangers of that conception have been revealed by one of the most terrible experiences of history. It would have seemed that Count Schlieffen's birth centenary should have been celebrated with a certain reserve as to the value of his doctrine. A great man, if you like; but one who has no place in the future. He was of his day. But, no! General Groener, former Minister of the Reichswehr, who gave the

tone of the commemoration, glorified Schlieffen as a misunderstood prophet. In Schlieffen and his wonderful plan Germany had received from Providence a gift of which she had not shown herself worthy. The plan failed because Schlieffen died before the outbreak of the War; and those who were to carry it out were not up to the standard of his genius.

I do not think Schlieffen's centenary aroused any comment or criticism in other countries. But if it had, I am convinced that nowhere would the necessary reservations have been pointed out with the necessary clarity. It is sufficient to have devoted some attention to the technical discussions of the Disarmament Conference to realise how much Clausewitz's war to the death is still looked upon as the definitive, everlasting, and absolute revelation of true warfare. Moreover, it is not an isolated case. Since 1914 Germany has been continually denounced as the misfortune and shame of the West. She has been blamed for the crime of directing Western civilisation since 1870. But, although the world denounces those mistakes as crimes when it is Germany who commits them, it never ceases imitating and sometimes exaggerating them. In the spiritual struggle of which the West has been constantly the field for the last hundred years, Germany has lost no ground, in spite of her defeat in 1918; of late she has even been gaining a good deal.

Since the eighteenth century the rational liberalism of France and England has been at loggerheads with Germany's authoritative romanticism. Since then England and France have stood for a liberal and nationalist conception of life, with intermittent lapses into authoritative romanticism; Germany, for a romantic and authoritative conception with fits of rational liberalism. Clausewitz and Moltke, Bismarck and William II., the doctrine of destructive battle and the system of social insurance, State-absolutism and protectionism, are different manifestations of authoritative romanticism. Germany's authoritative romanticism is far more responsible for the misfortunes of the present day than the rational liberalism of France and England. The latter is not without its faults; but, in spite of the errors it has committed, it could yet save the world on the day that it rids itself of those errors and adapts itself to the necessities of the period with a virile conception of life and the rights and duties of the individual. But the national liberalism that should be rescuing the world is faltering on all sides, and the authoritative romanticism that has brought it to this pass is on the advance.

The Schlieffen case is only a symptom. The force that is upsetting the world under the most diverse names—revolution, new world, aspirations of youth, quarrels of generations, crises of democracy, rebirth of authority—is nothing but the old German authoritative romanticism in—alas!—coarser and more violent forms. Bolshevism, Fascism, and Hitlerism are nothing else. The State-absolutism that is everywhere ruining and fettering peoples is, again, the supreme exaggeration of a conception that has found its most eminent and resolute champions in Germany. The aggressive protectionism which is nowadays being carried to the extreme is also largely a creation of Germany's. If this movement goes on developing, the Germany of to-morrow will have even more influence than the Germany of yesterday; and, more serious still, she will be more powerful, having exaggerated all the faults and eliminated all the virtues of pre-war Germany.

For my part, I believe Europe and America would do better to cease cursing Germany and imitate her with more prudence and discretion. Germany should be understood; an explanation should be found for the fact that her tremendous effort of a century should have ended in a general disaster; we should discover her mistake instead of aggravating it. For her mistake was also partly that of her adversaries. If Germany's authoritative romanticism has prevailed, the fault lies in part with the rational liberalism of France and England, which either doubted itself or could not make the necessary effort to adapt itself to the world which it set out to regenerate.

The Burnham and Berrow Golf Club are having an Open Meeting from Sept. 4 to 9 inclusive. Competitors in the championship will be admitted to the club house and green as honorary members. On Sept. 4 the Club will play visitors. On Sept. 5 the match for the War Memorial Trophy will be played, and on Sept. 6 and following days the West of England Amateur Championship. The winner will hold the West of England Challenge Cup for one year, and be presented with a replica. Entry forms can be obtained from the Secretary of the Club, Burnham, Somerset, and must be returned by Sept. 4. Open competitions will be held on Sept. 7 and 8 for those not then playing in the championship.

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